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Sesame and Lilies

Two Lectures
on Books and Reading

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

With an Introduction and Explanatory Notes

By JENNIE E. KEYSOR

Author of "*Stories of American Writers*"

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

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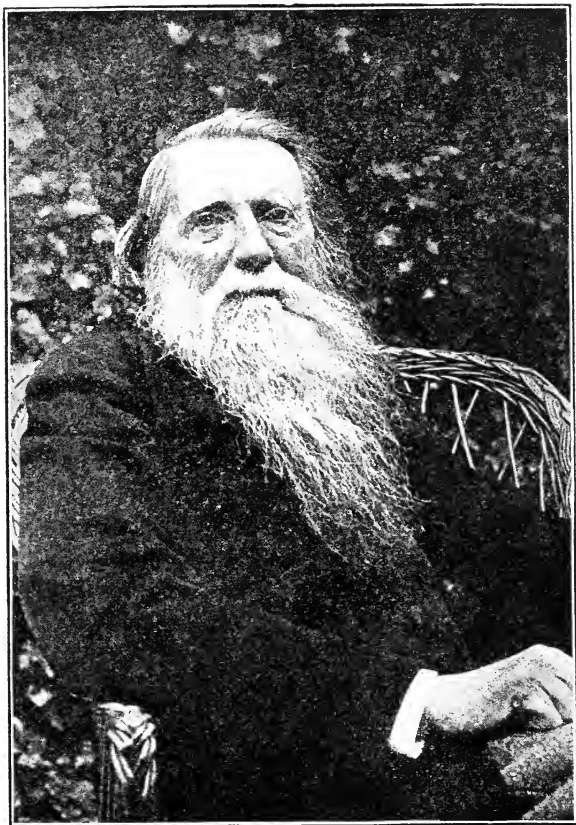
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PREFATORY NOTE.

This book contains the two lectures which originally made up the work entitled "Sesame and Lilies." In 1870, when Ruskin revised his works for a new edition, he added to this volume a lecture delivered in Dublin, in 1868, entitled "The Mystery of Life and Its Arts." This lecture is omitted in the present volume.

While it is not designed that the suggestions shall be followed literally, it is hoped that they will be, as their name indicates, suggestive.



JOHN RUSKIN



JOHN RUSKIN.

1819 — 1900.

“The most distinguished figure in the arena of Art-philosophy for half a century and more, the philanthropist militant, *par excellence*.”

—*Spielmann*.

John Ruskin, England's greatest art critic, was born February 8, 1819, in London. That a man, destined to be one of the profoundest lovers of nature, should have been born in smoky, dingy London, seems a strange decree of fate. Such was also the case with the great landscape painter, Turner, to whose defense Ruskin gave a good part of his life and mind.

Ruskin's parents were cultivated Scotch people who insisted on all the strict ways for which orthodox Scotchmen are noted. The father was a member of a large wine firm in London and a good business man. Besides paying certain debts that were left by his father, he accumulated a fair fortune so that at his death he was able to leave to his son,

the only child, eight hundred thousand dollars.

One thing in particular in the father's business had a marked influence on the boy's education. Each summer he took long trips into the country, in all directions, taking orders for wine. The son and his mother nearly always accompanied him. Their mode of conveyance was by carriage and horses and there never was any undue haste. The father took great pains to point out interesting objects in the landscape and to discuss with his son trees, grass, clouds and other interesting natural phenomena. Whenever they came to castles of importance they always delayed long enough to visit them and become somewhat acquainted with their history. It is easy to see how such trips as these, taken every summer for years, were in themselves a liberal education, especially in the line Ruskin was to follow out in his writings.

Ruskin's father took great pride in the training and cultivation of his son. It is told that he left his business punctually every afternoon and hurried home that he might read to his boy who sat listening, as quiet as

a little statue in a niche. Then began those readings from Sir Walter Scott's works which made up such a characteristic part of the recreation in the Ruskin household. Here, too, began that love of Scott which prompted Ruskin, in his home at Brantwood, to gather together the most valuable collection of the original manuscripts of Scott's novels anywhere to be found. Here, too, the English poets were read and honored. Ruskin's mother had made up her mind to make of her son a clergyman and to this end he was compelled not only to go to church, but he was given a strict course in Scriptural study which made him familiar with every word. "This she effected," he says, "not by her own sayings or personal authority, but simply by compelling me to read the book through for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; that, she did not

care about: but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end."

"In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law and all; and began again at Genesis the next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience; if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken."

"And truly," he goes on to say, "though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal instillation in my mind of this property of chapters, I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part of all my education."

No one can read even cursorily, Ruskin's works and not be impressed by his numerous and apt quotations from the Bible.

Ruskin's home, though under the strictures of a Scotch household, with its wearisome

Sabbaths and forbidden pleasures, was a place of perfect harmony, the abiding place of peace, the delights of which he often blessed in his later controversial years. This home was transferred in the boy's youth from the center of London to Denmark Hill, a suburban place open to the sky and the country. Ruskin's education was continued by private tutors at home and by travel in England and on the continent until he was old enough to go up to Oxford, which he did in 1836.

He entered Christ's Church, the favorite college of the nobility. He himself tells us how proud he was of his velvet gown and cap and how he was only an average scholar, even to the end of his Oxford days finding it impossible to get into his head "where the Pelasgi lived, or where the Heraclidæ returned from." The records show that he gained a prize in 1839 for his poem "Salsette and Elephanta." The learning he got from books was the least part of what he obtained at Oxford. All the surroundings—the exquisite architecture of the buildings, the stretches of flat country, the companionship of men the best his country could afford were all sources of inspiration in his work, subjects of happy

memories in the long, quiet years after he had laid aside his activities.

A year before he should have graduated from Oxford, symptoms of lung disease showed themselves and he went to Italy to be healed by its sunny climate, and incidentally, to enjoy its art and sketch bits of wonderful buildings. In 1842, he returned and took his Bachelor's degree. While in college his twenty-first birthday was marked by his father sending him a painting by Turner and one thousand dollars for pocket-money. He at once spent one-third of this sum for another picture of Turner's. This was in 1840, the year in which he met the artist personally. It was a memorable meeting in the light of their later relations—the painter, old, smarting under unmerited criticism; Ruskin, young, impetuous, even then under the spell of Turner's art, anxious to do battle in more than knightly fashion for this much-criticised, underrated painter.

That his service was really more than knightly was thoroughly proved when, in 1843, appeared Volume I. of "Modern Painters." It was written anonymously by an "Oxford Graduate." To the great body of

critics it showed conclusively that a new and loftier spirit had entered their realm and of course there was a great outcry. The "Oxford Graduate," however, kept serenely, or rather, stormily, on his way, producing other volumes until there were five in all. Such poignant criticism, couched in such elegant English, such deification of one artist, Turner, such wholesale abuse of masters that had previously been considered unassailable, all tended to interest the public very much. It represented the cream of Mr. Ruskin's work for twenty years and stands to-day as the greatest monument of his genius, though it failed of its avowed object, to establish Turner as the greatest of all painters, ancient or modern. It was a gigantic work to thus fail and yet we feel that the author puts it too seriously when he says, concerning its failure and the lack of appreciation for Turner's art among people generally, "That was the first mystery of life to me."

From these discourses on painting he turned to architecture and produced those brilliant, though often erratic books, "Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Stones of Venice," "St. Mark's Rest," etc.

In the meantime he had fallen violently in love with a young Scotch woman and married her. This experience, he says, "came with violence, utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least to me, who never before had anything to manage." Such a passionate lover is likely to be exacting as well, and we know that the two were not happy together and separated from each other in the course of a few years. Ruskin, who always expresses the highest regard for women, felt this as a crushing sorrow and consequently spent much time abroad occupying his mind with the writing and illustrating of many of his wonderful art books. Years after the separation, the lady married the artist, Millais.

About 1860, Ruskin began to devote himself to political economy and the questions that working men are constantly facing. "Crown of Wild Olive," next to "Sesame and Lilies" his most popular work in England and America, is made up of lectures delivered to workingmen. From 1870 to 1879 Ruskin was professor of drawing at Oxford. He and his mother lived here together, a most devoted mother and son, and here he delivered most of his greatest lectures

to crowded audiences, while other able professors spoke to a mere sprinkling of people. Ruskin began, however, to feel that it was to hear him that the people thronged, and not because they were interested in art. So keenly did he feel this that he resigned from his position. Ruskin was one of the most powerful teachers of our century, this not alone in his place as professor at Oxford, but in the general sense of teaching the world of readers. George Eliot said, "I venerate him as one of the greatest teachers of the age; he teaches with the inspiration of the Hebrew Prophet."

It was owing to their kindred notions that he and Thomas Carlyle became such warm friends. Both men were devoted to truth. They scorned falsehood and were deeply poignant in their expressions of deprecation, but Ruskin was far more practical than Carlyle. What Carlyle would dispose of with an expression of cruel satire, Ruskin followed up and did something material to relieve the condition he deplored.

A striking illustration of this was his founding, near Sheffield, of "St. George's Guild," a land-owning society constructed on

the principles which he would have all land-owners adopt. These as laid down by him were :

“I. To do your own work well, whether it be for life or death.

“II. To help other people do theirs, when you can, and seek to avenge no injury.

“III. To be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones.”

Ruskin's gift to “St. George's Guild” on its first Christmas was seven thousand pounds, one-tenth of all he then owned. Speaking of this gift reminds us of his constant generosity which was felt by individuals and institutions all over England. So prodigal was he in his benevolences that the fortune bequeathed to him by his father was, at his death, reduced to about one-twelfth of its original bulk.

In connection with his various projects for improving the condition of the working classes, his periodical, *Fors Clavigera* (the club bearer,) begun in 1871, is exceedingly interesting. For eight years it continued, giving to the world the author's views on everything in general.

Ruskin's travels in Italy were productive of some of his strongest and most valuable works. No one has done so much, by accurate measurements, by drawings and photographs, to reveal the beauties of Giotto's Tower, the famous Campanile of Florence, as John Ruskin.

The home of Ruskin's old age was Brantwood, on Coniston Lake, in the beautiful North of England region. This place he bought and improved until it represented an investment of five thousand pounds. It was an ideally beautiful spot for the aged and broken writer to spend his closing years. With its fine lake in front and its beautiful mountains in the back, it furnished that tranquillity so necessary for him, continually disturbed as he was by an ever-increasing brain trouble.

The presiding spirit of Brantwood household was Joan Agnew, the cousin and adopted daughter of Ruskin. She afterwards married the artist, Arthur Severn, and they continued to reside at Brantwood, where their growing family relieved the sadness of the master's continued decay. The last years at Brantwood were productive of little work on

account of Ruskin's extremely delicate health. He died Jan. 20, 1900.

His life and fortune were spent to better the condition of the working classes of England and to inspire elevated ideas of art and life. If, at times, we shrink from his erratic expressions, from his almost cruel attacks on all that we have been taught to revere in art, we must, at the same time, be deeply impressed by his sincerity and his courage, both of which characteristics stand out boldly on that rugged square-cut face which all his portraits present.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDYING THE LIFE AND WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN.

I. Make a careful and comprehensive synopsis of each essay or work studied. This, to be most effective, should be done from memory.

II. Make a brief autobiographical sketch of Ruskin gathered from any of his works, but especially from "*Præterita: Scenes of My Past Life*," and "*Fors Clavigera*."

III. Consider the Famous Contemporaries of Ruskin. Here is a group of some of them :

W. H. Hunt.	William Morris.
J. E. Millais.	E. T. Poynter.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti.	Frederick Leighton.
Professor Church.	Frederick Wedmore.
P. G. Hamerton.	Professor Jowett.
G. F. Watts.	Alfred Tennyson.

IV. Make a study of Nature as Ruskin treats her. The following references will facilitate this work :

"A Snow-Drift."—*Modern Painters*, Vol. I., Part II., Sec. IV., Chap. II., 19.

"The Grass."—*Modern Painters*, Vol. III., Part IV., Chap. XIV., 49–53.

"Modern Landscapes."—*Modern Painters*, Vol. III., Part IV., Chap. XVI., 30–45.

"The Pine Tree."—*Modern Painters*, Vol. V., Part VI., Chap. IX., 6–11.

"Earth."—*Modern Painters*, Vol. V., Part VI., Chap. I., 3.

"Character and Mission of Flowers."—*Modern Painters*, Vol. V., Part VI., Chap. X., 7.

"Lichens and Mosses."—*Modern Painters*, Vol. V., Part VI., Chap. X., 24, 25.

"Clouds."—*Modern Painters*. Vol. V., Part VII., Chap. IV.

"An Olive Tree."—*Stories of Venice*, Vol. III., Period III., Chap. IV., 14–20.

"The Sky."—*Modern Painters*, Vol. I., Part II., Sec. III., Chap. I.

"Mountains."—*Modern Painters*, Vol. I., Part II., Sec. IV., Chap. I., II.

V. Have special topics, either written or oral, prepared and presented in class. The following are some of the subjects that naturally suggest themselves :

1. Ruskin's Defence of Turner.
2. Natural Beauties of the English Lake Region.
3. Brantwood, Ruskin's Home.
4. Ruskin's Famous Neighbors.
5. Ruskin the Student of Nature.
6. Ruskin as Pupil and Professor at Oxford.
6. Turner's Landscapes.
8. Ruskin as a Guide to Travellers.
(Mornings in Florence.)
9. The Friendship of Ruskin and Carlyle.
10. Ruskin as a Story Teller.
11. Ruskin as a Poet.
12. Ruskin, the Champion of Workingmen.

VI. Consult as many as possible of the following reference books relative to Ruskin and his works :

"The Life and Works of John Ruskin."—
W. G. Collingwood.

"John Ruskin."—*M. H. Spielmann.*

"John Ruskin."—*Mrs. Meynell.*

(An analysis of the works of Ruskin.)

"Lessons From My Masters." (Ruskin.)
—*Peter Bayne.*

"Home Life of Great Authors." (Ruskin.)
—*H. T. Griswold.*

"Pen Pictures of Modern Authors."
(Ruskin)—*William Shepard*.

"Life and Teaching of Ruskin."—*J. Marshall Mather*.

"A Conversation with Ruskin."—*Christian Union*, May 22, 1884.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PREFACE
OF 1871.

The first Lecture says, or tries to say, that, life being very short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books; and that valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one, printed in excellent form, for a just price; but not in any vile, vulgar, or, by reason of smallness of type, physically injurious form, at a vile price. For we none of us need many books, and those which we need ought to be clearly printed, on the best paper, and strongly bound. And though we are, indeed, now, a wretched and poverty-struck nation, and hardly able to keep soul and body together, still, as no person in decent circumstances would put on his table confessedly bad wine, or bad meat, without being ashamed, so he need not have on his shelves ill-printed or loosely and wretchedly stitched books; for, though few can be rich, yet every man who honestly

exerts himself may, I think, still provide, for himself and his family, good shoes, good gloves, strong harness for his cart or carriage horses and stout leather binding for his books. And I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily — however slowly — increasing, series of books for use through life; making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche, and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own literary possessions lightly and deliberately, with no chance of tearing or dogs' ears.

That is my notion of the founding of Kings' Treasuries; and the first Lecture is intended to show somewhat the use and preciousness of their treasures.

Since that second lecture was written, questions have arisen respecting the education and claims of women which have greatly troubled simple minds and excited restless ones. I am

sometimes asked my thoughts on this matter, and I suppose that some girl readers of the second lecture may at the end of it desire to be told summarily what I would have them do and desire in the present state of things. This, then, is what I would say to any girl who had confidence enough in me to believe what I told her, or do what I ask her.

First, be quite sure of one thing, that, however, much you may know, and whatever advantages you may possess, and however good you may be, you have not been singled out, by the God who made you, from all the other girls in the world, to be especially informed respecting His own nature and character. You have not been born in a luminous point upon the surface of the globe, where a perfect theology might be expounded to you from your youth up, and where everything you were taught would be true, and everything that was enforced upon you, right.

Do not think it, child ; it is not so. This, on the contrary, is the fact,—unpleasant you may think it ; pleasant, it seems to *me*,—that you, with all your pretty dresses, and dainty looks, and kindly thoughts, and saintly aspirations, are not one whit more thought of or

loved by the great Maker and Master than any poor little red, black, or blue savage, running wild in the pestilent woods, or naked on the hot sands of the earth : and that, of the two, you probably know less about God than she does ; the only difference being that she thinks little of Him that is right, and you, much that is wrong.

That, then, is the first thing to make sure of — that you are not yet perfectly well informed on the most abstruse of all possible subjects, and that, if you care to behave with modesty or propriety, you had better be silent about it.

The second thing which you may make sure of is, that however good you may be, you have faults ; that however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are ; and that however slight they may be, you had better make some — not too painful, but patient — effort to get quit of them. And so far as you have confidence in me at all, trust me for this, that how many soever you may find or fancy your faults to be, there are only two that are of real consequence — Idleness and Cruelty. Perhaps you may be proud. Well, we can get much good out of pride, if

only it be not religious. Perhaps you may be vain: it is highly probable; and very pleasant for the people who like to praise you. Perhaps you are a little envious: that is really very shocking; but then—so is everybody else. Perhaps, also, you are a little malicious, which I am truly concerned to hear, but should probably only the more, if I knew you, enjoy your conversation. But whatever else you may be, you must not be useless, and you must not be cruel. If there is any one point which, in six thousand years of thinking about right and wrong, wise and good men have agreed upon, or successively by experience discovered, it is that God dislikes idle and cruel people more than any other;—that His first order is, “Work while you have light;” and His second, “Be merciful while you have mercy.”

“Work while you have light,” especially while you have the light of morning. There are few things more wonderful to me than that old people never tell young ones how precious their youth is. They sometimes sentimentally regret their own earlier days; sometimes prudently forget them; often foolishly rebuke the young, often more foolishly

indulge, often most foolishly thwart and restrain ; but scarcely ever warn or watch them. Remember, then, that I, at least, have warned *you*, that the happiness of your life and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days ; far from that, the first duty of young people is to be delighted and delightful ; but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days. There is no solemnity so deep, to a rightly-thinking creature, as that of dawn. But not only in that beautiful sense, but in all their character and method, they are to be solemn days. Take your Latin dictionary, and look out "*sollennis*," and fix the sense of the word well in your mind, and remember that every day of your early life is ordaining irrevocably, for good or evil, the custom and practice of your soul ; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed of sorrow. Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature ; and in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it ; take pen and

paper, and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over for the day, think no more about it: as your hair will blow about your ears, so your temper and thoughts will get ruffled with the day's work, and may need, sometimes, twice dressing; but I don't want you to carry about a mental pocket-comb; only to be smooth braided always in the morning.

Write down then, frankly, what you are, or, at least, what you think yourself, not dwelling upon those inevitable faults which I have just told you are of little consequence, and which the action of a right life will shake or smooth away; but that you may determine to the best of your intelligence what you are good for, and can be made into. You will

find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.

Then, besides this more delicate work, resolve to do every day some that is useful in the vulgar sense. Learn first thoroughly the economy of the kitchen; the good and bad qualities of every common article of food, and the simplest and best modes of their preparation: when you have time, go and help in the cooking of poorer families, and show them how to make as much of everything as possible, and how to make little, nice; coaxing and tempting them into tidy and pretty ways, and pleading for well-folded table-cloths, however coarse, and for a flower or two out of the garden to strew on them. If you manage to get a clean table-cloth, bright plates on it, and a good dish in the middle, of your own cooking, you may ask leave to say a short grace; and let your religious ministries be confined to that much for the present.

Now, the very definition of evil is in irremediableness. It means sorrow, or sin, which end in death; and assuredly, as far as

we know, or can conceive, there are many conditions both of pain and sin which cannot but so end. Of course we are ignorant and blind creatures, and we cannot know what seeds of good may be in present suffering, or present crime, but with what we cannot know, we are not concerned. It is conceivable that murderers and liars may in some distant world be exalted into a higher humanity than they could have reached without homicide or falsehood ; but the contingency is not one by which our actions should be guided. There is, indeed, a better hope that the beggar, who lies at our gates in misery, may, within gates of pearl be comforted ; but the Master, whose words are our only authority for thinking so, never Himself inflicted disease as a blessing, nor sent away the hungry unfed, or the wounded unhealed.

Believe me, then, the only right principle of action here, is to consider good and evil as defined by our natural sense of both ; and to strive to promote the one, and to conquer the other, with as hearty endeavor as if there were, indeed, no other world than this. Above all, get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors,

while allowing its laws to take their course in punishing small ones. If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Providence to make it palatable ; neither, if, through years of folly, you misguide your own life, need you expect Divine interference to bring round everything at last for the best. I tell you, positively, the world is not so constituted ; the consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones, and the happiness of your whole life, and of all the lives over which you have power, depends as literally on your own common sense and discretion as the excellence and order of the feast of a day.

SESAME AND LILIES.

LECTURE I.

Sesame :

OF KINGS' TREASURIES.

You shall each have a cake of sesame,—and ten pound a

LUCIAN: *The F sherman.*

I want to speak to you about the treasures hidden in books ; and about the way we find them, and the way we lose them. A grave

1. *Sesame and Lilies.* This title is characteristic of Ruskin's titles generally, in that they give little or no clue to the subject matter of the essays they name. This work is properly two essays on books and reading, the first addressed to young men and the second to young women. Other titles quite as non-committal are *Crown of Wild Olive*, a series of essays addressed to working men; *Aratra Pentelici*, lectures on the elements of sculpture; *Ethics of the Dust*, conversations on crystallization. Study still other titles and see if this is a just criticism.

3. *Sesame.* Small seeds used for food in the far East. These seeds are ground into meal from which an oily cake is made. Here used as a magical password to "kings' treasures." In the story of *The Forty Thieves*, in *Arabian Nights*, *open sesame* was the magical command which opened the robbers' den.

6. *Lucian.* A Greek writer famous for his rhetoric and ridicule, who flourished 150 A. D.

subject, you will say, and a wide one ! Yes ; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education, and the answeringly wider spreading on the levels, of the irrigation of literature.

It happens that I have practically some connection with schools for different classes of youth ; and I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these letters I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a " position in life " takes above all other thoughts in the parents'—more especially in the mothers'—minds. " The education befitting such and such a station in life,"—this is the phrase, this is the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself ; even the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But an education " which shall keep a good coat on my son's back ; which shall enable him to ring with confidence the

visitors' bell at double-belled doors ; which shall result ultimately in the establishment of a double-belled door to his own house — in a word, which shall lead to advancement in life — *this* we pray for on bent knees ; and ⁵ this is *all* we pray for." It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which in itself *is* advancement in Life ; that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death ; and that this essential ¹⁰ education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way, while it is for no price and by no favor to be got, if they set about it in the wrong. ¹⁵

3 Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first — at least that which is confessed with the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful ²⁰ exertion — is this of " Advancement in life." May I ask you to consider with me what this idea practically includes, and what it should include ?

1. *Double-belled doors.* Many of the best English houses have double bells, one for visitors and one for people calling on business.

20. *Stimulus.* Something that rouses the mind, an incentive.

Practically, then, at present, "advancement in life" means, becoming conspicuous in life — obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or
5 honorable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a
10 word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones, and on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity.
15 The greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

U I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies
20 at the root of effort, especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil and balm of repose. So closely does it touch the very springs of life that the wounding of our van-
25 ity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure *mortal*; we call it "mortification,"

2. *Conspicuous* Easy to be seen, attracting the eye.

using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although a few of us may be physicians enough to recognize the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, ⁵ I believe most honest men know, and would at once acknowledge, its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than ¹⁰ any other sailor on board; he wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes that no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the ¹⁵ diocese through its difficulties; he wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "My Lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom because he believes that no one else can ²⁰ as well serve the State upon its throne, but briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty" by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

2. *Gangrenous*. Affected by grangrene, that is, decay or mortification.

16. *Diocese*. The district in which a bishop exercises his ecclesiastical authority.

This, then, being the main idea of "advancement in life," the force of it applies for all of us, according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of such advancement which we call "getting into good society." We want to get into good society, not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it; and our notion of its goodness depends primarily on its conspicuousness.

10 Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel or know that my audience are either with me or against
15 me. I do not much care which, in beginning; but I must know where they are. And I would fain find out at this instant whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved
20 to-night to state them low enough to be admitted as probable; for whenever, in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity,—or what used to be called "virtue,"—may be calculated upon as a human motive of action,
25 people always answer me, saying, "You must not calculate on that; that is not human na-

ture. You must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business." I begin, accordingly, to-night low in the scale of motives; but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About a dozen hands held up,—the audience, partly, not being sure the lecturer is serious, and partly shy of expressing opinion.*) I am quite serious, —I really do want to know what you think; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second, motive, hold up their hands? (*One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.*) Very good; I see you are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting farther question, I venture to as-

2. *Acquisitiveness.* Propensity to acquire property.

sume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent
5 collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure, for the sake of beneficent power, and would wish to
10 associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of
15 any common truisms about the preciousness of friends and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions wise, and
20 in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

But granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few
25 of us have the power, or at least, how limited

2. *Tertiary.* Of the third order.

15. *Truisms.* Undoubted or self-evident truths.

for most is the sphere of choice ! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance or necessity, and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would, and those whom we know we cannot have at ⁵ our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may by good fortune obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound ¹⁰ of his voice, or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive, or snatch, ¹⁵ once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess, or arresting the kind glance of a queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet, and spend our years and passions and powers ²⁰ in pursuit of little more than these ; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation,—talk to us in the best words they can choose, ²⁵ and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and

so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long (kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it), in those plainly furnished and narrow
5 anterooms, our bookcase shelves,— we make no account of that company, perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long.

9. You may tell me perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we re-
10 gard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—
15 that we can see the faces of the living men; and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces; suppose you could be put
20 behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less,

5. *Anterooms.* A room before. Here, a waiting-room.

9. *Apathy.* Want of feeling or emotion.

folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men, ⁵—this station of audience and honorable privy council you despise !

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, ¹⁰ that you desire to hear them. Nay, that cannot be so ; for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does ¹⁵ influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings,—books, properly so-called. For all books are divisible into two classes, —the books of the hour, and the books of ²⁰ all time. Mark this distinction ; it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does ; it is a distinction of species.

6. *Privy council.* The principal council of the sovereign.

17. *Ephemeral.* Literally, beginning and ending in a day.

There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time ; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

5 The good book of the hour, then,— I do not speak of the bad ones,—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what
10 you need to know ; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels ; good-humored and witty discussions of question ; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel ;
15 firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history — all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age. We
20 ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books ; for strictly speaking,
25 they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful or necessary to-day,

— whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day; so, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be in the real sense of the word a "book" at all, nor in the real sense to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing, and written not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could he would,—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would. You write instead; that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he

knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it clearly and melodiously, if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life
5 he finds this to be the thing or group of things manifest to him,—this the piece of true knowledge or sight which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever,
10 engrave it on rock, if he could, saying, “This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated like another. My life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew,—this, if any-
15 thing of mine, is worth your memory.” That is his “writing;” it is in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription or scripture. That is a “book.”
20 Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty or at all in kindness, or do you think there is never any honesty or benevo-
25 lence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man’s work is honestly and

benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art.* It is mixed always with evil fragments,—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* ⁵ the book.

11. Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men,—by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is ¹⁰ short. You have heard as much before; yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that; that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-mor-¹⁵ row? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you ²⁰ jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitu-

* Note this sentence carefully, and compare the "Queen of the Air," § 106.

22. *Entrée*. (än' trā.) Permission or right to enter.

dinous as its days,—the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; ⁵ from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take ¹⁰ high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead.

“The place you desire,” and the place *you* ¹⁵ fit yourself for, I must also say, because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this,—it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portiers of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but

20. *Elysian*. Relating to Elysium, the name given by the Greeks to the abode of the blessed after death.

22. *Portiers*. Doors or gates to fine houses.

23. *Faubourg St. Germain* (fo' bōr san zher-man'.) A part of Paris in which the nobility formerly resided.

brief question : " Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret. You must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognize our presence. "

13 This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways : 20

(a) First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe, not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects. ✓ 25

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is,—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards if you think
10 yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once,—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in
15 any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all, and what is more strange, *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I can-
20 not quite see the reason of this, nor analyze that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it to you by way of help, but of reward, and will
25 make themselves sure that you deserve it

18. *Parable.* A short story by means of which a moral is drawn.

before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it ⁵ at once to the mountain-tops; so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there, and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as ¹⁰ they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where. You may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any. ¹⁵

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and ²⁰ am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in ²⁵ search of being the author's mind or meaning,

23. *Figure.* Figure of speech. What figure is this?

his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling and patientest fussing before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this) you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable — nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real fact, — that you might read all the books in the British

24. *Nomenclature.* The technical names used in any branch of science or art.

Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are forevermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly. Above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words, knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern *canaille*, remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national *noblesse* of words at any

1. *British Museum*. England's great national museum for all sorts of antiquities and manuscripts. Situated in London.

16. *Peerage*. Rank or dignity. Here of words, not of peers.

18. *Canaille*. The rabble.

22. *Noblesse*. Nobility.

time and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even
5 of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports, yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person; so also the accent, or turn
10 of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any
15 civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing forever.

16 And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that
20 a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English *meaning* should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched, and closely; let their meaning be
25 watched more closely still, and fewer will do

20. *Quantity.* The measure of a syllable; that which determines the time in which it is pronounced.

the work. A few words, well chosen and distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes : and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work 5 sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now (there never were so many, owing to the spread of shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious "information," or rather deform- 10 ation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catechisms and phrases at schools instead of human meanings) — there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will 15 also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this or that or the other of things dear to them ; for such words wear chameleon cloaks, — "groundlion" cloaks, of the color of the ground of any man's fancy ; 20 on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomats so cunning, never poisoners so deadly,

19. *Chameleon*. A kind of lizard which has the power of changing its color to correspond with its surroundings.

as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men's ideas. Whatever fancy or favorite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favorite masked word to take care of for him. The word at last comes to have an infinite power over him,—you cannot get at him but by its ministry.

And in languages so mongrel in breed as the English, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men's hands, almost whether they will or no, in being able to use Greek or Latin words for an idea when they want it to be awful, and Saxon or otherwise common words when they want it to be vulgar. What a singular and salutary effect, for instance, would be produced on the minds of people who are in the habit of taking the form of the "Word" they live by for the power of which that Word tells them, if we always either retained, or refused, the Greek form "biblos," or "biblion," as the right expression for "book," instead of employing it only in the one instance in which we wish to give dignity to the idea, and translating it into English

1. *Unjust stewards.* A reference to Christ's parable of the unjust steward in the 16th chapter of Luke.

8. *Mongrel.* Of mixed kinds.

everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for many simple persons if in such places (for instance) as Acts xix., 19, we retained the Greek expression instead of translating it, and they had to read: "Many of them also 5 which used curious arts brought their Bibles together, and burned them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver"! Or if, on the other hand, we translated where we retain 10 it, and always spoke of "the Holy Book," instead of "Holy Bible," it might come into more heads than it does at present that the Word of God, by which the heavens were of old, and by which they are now kept in store, 15 cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding, nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plough or steam press, but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused, and sown 20 in us daily, and by us, as instantly as may be, choked.

19 Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a 25

20. *Contumely*. Haughtiness and contempt combined. Disdain.

word of some other language,—of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek (not to speak of Eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these; that⁵ is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last,—undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation, but retaining a deep vital meaning, which all good schol-
¹⁰ars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it. Young or old, girl or boy, whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you¹⁵ have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's lectures thoroughly, to
²⁰begin with; and after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character in

3. *Dialects.* Forms of speech.

19. *Müller.* A noted German student of languages. At one time professor of modern languages in Oxford.

power and precision will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek or Latin or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed, and those which in a good writer's work, it must still bear.

And now, merely for example's sake, I¹⁰ will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you carefully, and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all. No English words are more familiar to us, yet few¹⁵ perhaps have been read with less sincerity. I will take these few following lines of "Lycidas": —

" Last came and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,

20

18. *Lycidas*. Milton's elegy on the death of his friend King. It seems unfortunate that Ruskin selects for his minute analysis the only available passage in this wonderful classic. Critics in analyzing *Lycidas* always question Milton's taste in introducing this controversial passage. There is, however, no doubt but Milton here uses English for all the power that is in it and this is probably the reason Ruskin has selected the passage.

- (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
 'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 5 Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 10 A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else, the least
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw
 15 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread,
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.'"
 20 Let us think over this passage, and examine
 its words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to Saint Peter not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which

4. *Enow*. Enough.
8. *Bidden*. Invited.
10. *Sheep-hook*. A shepherd's crook.
12. *Recks*. What does it matter to them? To *reck* is to care.
14. *Scrannel*. Poor, miserable.
23. *Episcopal function*. Duty as a bishop.

Protestants usually refuse most passionately? His "mitred" locks! Milton was no bishop-lover; how comes Saint Peter to be "mitred"? "Two massy keys he bore." Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical license, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect?

10

Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with the doctrines of life and death; only little men do that. Milton means what he says, and means it with his might too,—is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven" quite honestly. Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops, — nay, in order to understand *him*, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under

20

25

our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, univereal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on
 5 it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it; for clearly this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate, or
 10 generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy, they who "for their bellies' sake creep and intrude and climb into the fold."

21 Never think Milton uses those three words
 15 to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three, — specially those three, and no more than those, — "creep" and "intrude" and "climb"; no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more
 20 could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who
 25 "creep" into the fold, who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consent-

7. *Episcopate.* Office and dignity of a bishop.

26. *Occultly.* Secretly.

ing to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who "intrude" (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence⁵ of heart and stout eloquence of tongue and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who "climb," who, by labor and learning both stout and sound, but self-¹⁰fishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become "lords over the heritage," though not "ensamples to the flock."

22 Now go on :

15

"Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.
Blind Mouths" —

I pause again, for this is a strange expression,—a broken metaphor, one might think,²⁰ careless and unscholarly.

Not so ; its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables

20. *Metaphor.* A figure of speech in which one thing is called by the name of another because of a resemblance. That man is a fox, is a metaphor.

express the precisely accurate contraries of right character in the two great offices of the Church,—those of bishop and pastor.

A “bishop” means “a person who sees.”

6 A “pastor” means “a person who feeds.”

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed,—to be a mouth.

10 Take the two reverses together, and you have “blind mouths.” We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want
15 authority, not outlook; whereas their real office is not to rule, though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke. It is the king’s office to rule; the bishop’s office is to *oversee* the flock, to number it, sheep by sheep, to be
20 ready always to give full account of it. Now, it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself
25 in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history from childhood of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present

state. ~ Down in the back street, Bill and Nancy knocking each others' teeth out,— does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us ⁵ how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple. He is no bishop,— he has sought to be at the helm instead of the mast-head, he ¹⁰ has no sight of things. "Nay," you say, "it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street." What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces,— you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) ¹⁵ "the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw" (bishops knowing nothing about it) "daily devours apace, and nothing said"?

"But that's not our idea of a bishop." * ²⁰ Perhaps not; but it was Saint Paul's, and it was Milton's. They may be right, or we may be; but we must not think we are reading

*Compare the 13th Letter in *Time and Tide*.

8. *Salisbury steeple*. The spire of Salisbury Cathedral, the loftiest steeple in England.

either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

Q. 3. I go on.

“But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they
5 draw.”

This is to meet the vulgar answer that “if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food.”

10 And Milton says, “They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind.” At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up
15 your Latin and Greek dictionaries and find out the meaning of “Spirit.” It is only a contraction of the Latin word “breath,” and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for “wind.” The same word is used in writing,
20 “The wind bloweth where it listeth,” and in writing, “So is everyone that is born of the Spirit”; born of the *breath*, that is, for it means the breath of God in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words
25 “inspiration” and “expire.” Now, there are

6. *Vulgar*. Common, ordinary, as opposed to cultivated or educated.

two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled, — God's breath and man's. The breath of God is health and life and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man's breath — the word which *he* calls spiritual — is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapors of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching; the first and last and fatalest sign of it is that "puffing up." Your converted children, who teach their parents; your converted convicts, who teach honest men; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awaking to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers: your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of High Church or Low, in so

7. *Fog of the fen.* Note the alliteration here. To what extent does Ruskin use this form of embellishment throughout these essays?

16. *Cretinous.* Having the characteristics of a cretin, that is, a person deformed in mind and body, such as is sometimes found in the valleys of Switzerland.

21. *High Church or Low.* Referring to the two great divisions of the Church of England. The High Church attaches more importance to ceremonies and symbols in worship.

far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong; and pre-eminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking rightly instead
 5 of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work,—these are the true fog children; clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of putrescent vapor and skin, without blood or flesh, blown bagpipes for
 10 the fiends to pipe with, corrupt and corrupting, “swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

24 Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can
 15 understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante, in their interpretation of this power; for once the latter is weaker in thought. He supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of
 20 gold, the other of silver. They are given by Saint Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate,

8. *Putrescent*. Becoming putrid or rotten.

9. *Bag-pipes*. The musical instrument now used chiefly in the highlands of Scotland.

14. *The keys*. Matthew xvi., 19.

or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven, the other, of iron, the key of the prison in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who "have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves."

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see and feed, and of all who do so it is said, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." But the reverse is¹⁰ truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* himself; and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight,—shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here as well as hereafter; he who is to¹⁵ be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, "Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out," issues, in its measure, against the²⁰ teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast as he more and more misleads, till at last²⁵ the bars of the iron cage close upon him,

and as "the golden opes, the iron shuts amain."

We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called "reading,"—watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, "Thus Milton thought," not "Thus *I* thought, in mis-reading Milton." And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own "Thus I thought" at other times. You will begin to perceive that what *you* thought was a matter of no serious importance; that your thoughts on any subjects are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon; in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any "thoughts" at all; that you have no materials for them in any serious matters,*—no right to "think," but only to

*Modern "education" for the most part signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance to them.

try to learn more of the facts. Nay, most probably all your life (unless, as I said, you are a singular person) you will have no legitimate right to an "opinion" on any business, except that instantly under your hand. ⁵ What must of necessity be done you can always find out, beyond question, how to do. Have you a house to keep in order, a commodity to sell, a field to plough, a ditch to cleanse? There need be no two opinions ¹⁰ about the proceedings; it is at your peril if you have not much more than an "an opinion" on the way to manage such matters. And also, outside of your own business, there are one or two subjects on which you are ¹⁵ bound to have but one opinion,—that roguery and lying are objectionable, and are instantly to be flogged out of the way whenever discovered; that covetousness and love of quarrelling are dangerous dispositions even ²⁰ in children, and deadly dispositions in men and nations; that in the end, the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones. On these general facts you ²⁵ are bound to have but one, and that a very strong, opinion. For the rest, respecting

religions, governments, sciences, arts, you will find that on the whole you can know NOTHING, judge nothing; that the best you can do, even though you may be a well-educated person, is to be silent, and strive to be wiser every day, and to understand a little more of the thoughts of others, which so soon as you try to do honestly, you will discover that the thoughts even of the wisest
10 are very little more than pertinent questions.

To put the difficulty into a clear shape, and exhibit to you the grounds for *indecision*, that is all they can generally do for you; and well for them and for us if indeed they are able
15 "to mix the music with our thoughts, and sadden us with heavenly doubts." This writer from whom I have been reading to you is not among the first or wisest. He sees shrewdly as far as he sees, and therefore it is easy to
20 find out his full meaning; but with the greater men you cannot fathom their meaning; they do not even wholly measure it themselves, it is so wide. Suppose I had asked you, for instance, to seek for Shakespeare's opinion
25 instead of Milton's on this matter of church authority,—or of Dante's. Have any of you at

this instant the least idea what either thought about it? Have you ever balanced the scene with the bishops in Richard III. against the character of Cranmer; the description of Saint Francis and Saint Dominic against that of him⁵ who made Virgil wonder to gaze upon him,—“disteso, tanto vilmento, nell’ eterno esilio”; or of him whom Dante stood beside, “come ’l frate che confessa lo perfido assassin”?* Shakespeare and Alighieri knew men better¹⁰ than most of us, I presume. They were both in the midst of the main struggle between the temporal and spiritual powers. They had an opinion, we may guess. But where is it? Bring it into court! Put Shakespeare’s or¹⁵ Dante’s creed into articles, and send it up for trial by the ecclesiastical courts!

26. You will not be able, I tell you again, for many and many a day to come at the real

* Inf. xxiii., 125, 126; xix., 49, 50.

4. *St. Francis.* St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan order of monks.

5. *St. Dominic.* Founder of the Dominicans.

5. *Him.* Caiaphas, “distended (on the cross) so ignominiously in the eternal exile.” Dante’s *Inferno*, xxii., 126.

6. *Him.* Nicholas III. *Inferno*, 19, 49.

10. *Alighieri.* (ä-lē-gē-ā’rē.) The last part of Dante’s name.

purposes and teaching of these great men ; but a very little honest study of them will enable you to perceive that what you took for your own "judgment" was mere chance
5 prejudice, and drifted, helpless, entangled weed of castaway thought,— nay, you will see that most men's minds are indeed little better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and stubborn, partly barren, partly over-
10 grown with pestilent brakes and venomous, wind-sown herbage of evil surmise ; that the first thing you have to do for them and yourself is eagerly and scornfully to set fire to *this*, burn all the jungle into wholesome ash-heaps,
15 and then plough and sow. All the true literary work before you, for life, must begin with obedience to that order, "Break up your fallow ground, and *sow not among thorns.*"

(b) Having then faithfully listened to the
20 great teachers, that you may enter into their thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make,— you have to enter into their hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them that you may share at last
25 their just and mighty passion. Passion, or

17. "Break up your fallow ground," etc. Jeremiah iv., 3.

"sensation." I am not afraid of the word, still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately, but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another — between one animal and another — is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, *it is* good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honor is precisely in proportion to our passion.

28. You know I said of that great and pure society of the dead that it would allow "no vain or vulgar person to enter there." What do you think I meant by a "vulgar" person? What do you yourselves mean by "vulgarity"? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought: but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained

1. *Sensation*. Ruskin here treats this word in its literal significance,—that is, as meaning the act of receiving impressions through the senses.

and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind ; but in true, inbred vulgarity, there is a dreadful callousness which in extremity becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and
5 crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar ; they are forever vulgar,
10 precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy, of quick understanding, of all that, in deep insistence on the common but most accurate term, may be called the " tact " or " touch-faculty " of body and soul ; that
15 tact which the *Mimosa* has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures,—finesse and fulness of sensation, beyond reason, the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true ; it is
20 the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good.
29 We come, then, to that great concourse of the dead, not merely to know from them what is true, but chiefly to feel with them
25 what is just. Now, to feel with them, we

4. *Bestial.* Like a beast.

15. *Mimosa.* The sensitive plant.

must be like them ; and none of us can become that without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge, not the first thought that comes, so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion, not the first passion that comes. The first that⁵ come are the vain, the false, the treacherous ; if you yield to them, they will lead you wildly and far, in vain pursuit in hollow enthusiasm, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. (Not that any feeling¹⁰ possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice ; it is wrong when it is weak and felt for paltry cause. There is a mean wonder, as of a child who sees a¹⁵ juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base, if you will. But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the²⁰ night by the hand that made them ? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master's business, and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source²⁵ of the great river beyond the sand, the place

of the great continent beyond the sea ; a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven — things which “ the angels
5 desire to look into.” So the anxiety is ignoble with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale ; but do you think the anxiety is less or greater with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the deal-
10 ings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonized nation ? Alas ! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day, — sensation which spends itself in bouquets
15 and speeches, in revellings and junketings, in sham fights and gay puppet-shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, without an effort or a tear.

20 I said “ minuteness ” and “ selfishness ” of sensation ; but it would have been enough to have said “ injustice ” or “ unrighteousness ” of sensation. For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar
25 person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such

16. *Puppet shows.* Mock dramas performed by puppets, moved by wires. Puppets are small images in the human form.

nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation, and of equal thought. You can talk a mob into anything; its feelings may be,— 5 usually are,—on the whole, generous and right, but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them. You may tease or tickle it into any at your pleasure; it thinks by infection, for the most part, catching an opin- 10 ion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on, nothing so great but it will forget in an hour when the fit is past. But a gentleman's, or a gentle nation's, passions are 15 just, measured, and continuous. A great nation, for instance, does not spend its entire national wits for a couple of months in weighing evidence of a single ruffian's having done a single murder, and for a couple of years see 20 its own children murder each other by their thousands or tens of thousands a day, considering only what the effect is likely to be on the price of cotton, and caring nowise to determine which side of battle is in the wrong. 25

20. *For a couple of years, etc.* Seems to refer to the Civil War in this country which was in progress when Ruskin was preparing these lectures, 1864.

Neither does a great nation send its poor little boys to jail for stealing six walnuts; and allow its bankrupts to steal their hundreds of thousands with a bow, and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors "under circumstances over which they have no control," with a "by your leave"; and large landed estates to be bought by men who have made their money by going with armed steamers up and down the China Seas, selling opium at the cannon's mouth, and altering, for the benefit of the foreign nation, the common highwayman's demand of "your money *or* your life," into that of "your money *and* your life."

My friends, I do not know why any of us should talk about reading. We want some sharper discipline than that of reading, but, at all events, be assured, we cannot read. No reading is possible for a people with its mind in this state. No sentence of any great writer is intelligible to them. It is simply and sternly impossible for the English public at this moment to understand any thoughtful writing,—so incapable of thought has it

11. *Selling opium.* See *The Opium War* in your English histories from 1840–1842.

become in its insanity of avarice. Happily, our disease is as yet little worse than this incapacity of thought; it is not corruption of the inner nature: we ring true still, when anything strikes home to us; and though the ⁵ idea that anything should "pay" has infected our purpose so deeply that even when we would play the good Samaritan, we never take out our twopence and give them to the host without saying, "When I come again, thou ¹⁰ shalt give me fourpence," there is a capacity of noble passion left in our hearts' core. We show it in our work, in our war, even in those unjust domestic affections which make us furious at a small private wrong, while we are ¹⁵ polite to a boundless public one. We are still industrious to the last hour of the day, though we add the gambler's fury to the laborer's patience; we are still brave to the death, though incapable of discerning true ²⁰ cause for battle, and are still true in affection to our own flesh, to the death, as the sea-monsters are, and the rock-eagles. And there is hope for a nation while this can be still said of it. As long as it holds its life in ²⁵

8. *Good Samaritan.* Story of the Good Samaritan, Luke x., 33.

its hand, ready to give it for its honor (though a foolish honor), for its love (though a selfish love), and for its business (though a base business), there is hope for it. But hope
 5 only ; for this instinctive, reckless virtue cannot last. No nation can last which has made a mob of itself, however generous at heart. It must discipline its passions and direct them, or they will discipline it, one day, with
 10 scorpion-whips. Above all, a nation cannot last as a money-making mob ; it cannot with impunity,— it cannot with existence,—go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising com-
 15 passion, and concentrating its soul on pence. Do you think these are harsh or wild words? Have patience with me but a little longer. I will prove their truth to you, clause by clause.

20 (a) I say first we have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses?
 25 If a man spends lavishly on his library, you

10. *Scorpion-whips.* Whips sharp like the tail of a scorpion. Any severe punishment.

call him mad,— a bibliomaniac. But you never call anyone a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, ⁵ how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take, ¹⁰ as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind as of food for the body. Now, a good book contains such food inexhaustibly: it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; ¹⁵ yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it!— though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose ²⁰ libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more is the pity; for indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by ²⁵

1. *Bibliomaniac*. One who has a mania for books. See Eugene Field's *Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*.

work or economy. And if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book
10 is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable until it has been read and re-read, and loved and loved again, and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the
15 weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good, but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed,
20 which, once in their lives, cannot for such multipliable barley-loaves pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each others' books out of circulating libra-
25 ries.

22. *We call ourselves a rich nation, etc.* What do you think of this sentence in a lecture on books and reading?

33 (b) I say we have despised science. "What!" you exclaim, "are we not foremost in all discovery,* and is not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions?" Yes, but do you suppose that is national work? That work is all done *in spite* of the nation, by private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science. We snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to *us*, that is another story. What have we publicly done for science? We are obliged to know what o'clock it is, for the safety of our ships, and therefore we pay for an observatory; and we allow ourselves in the person of our Parliament, to be annually tormented into doing something, in a slovenly way, for the British Museum, sullenly apprehending that to be a place for keeping stuffed birds in, to amuse our children. If anybody

* Since this was written, the answer has become definitely — No, we having surrendered the field of Arctic discovery to the Continental nations, as being ourselves too poor to pay for ships.

17. *Observatory.* The chief use of an observatory is to furnish absolutely correct time. Ruskin probably had in mind the observatory at Greenwich.

will pay for their own telescope, and resolve another nebula, we cackle over the discernment as if it were our own. If one in ten thousand of our hunting squires suddenly
 5 perceives that the earth was indeed made to be something else than a portion for foxes, and burrows in it himself and tells us where the gold is and where the coals, we understand that there is some use in that, and very
 10 properly knight him; but is the accident of his having found out how to employ himself usefully any credit to *us*? (The negation of such discovery among his brother squires may perhaps be some *discredit* to us, if we
 15 would consider of it.) But if you doubt these generalities, here is one fact for us all to meditate upon, illustrative of our love of science. Two years ago there was a collection of the fossils of Solenhofen to be sold in
 20 Bavaria, — the best in existence, containing many specimens unique for perfectness, and

1. *Resolve another nebula.* The *nebulæ*, or cloud-like patches of light, seen at night — the Milky Way — by powerful telescopes are found to be composed of a great number of stars.

4. *Squires.* Country gentlemen with whom, in England, fox hunting has always been a favorite sport.

8. *Coals.* Used as we use the word coal.

one, unique as an example of a species (a whole kingdom of unknown living creatures being announced by that fossil). This collection, of which the mere market worth, among private buyers, would probably have been some thousand or twelve hundred pounds, was offered to the English nation for seven hundred; but we would not give seven hundred, and the whole series would have been in the Munich Museum at this moment, if Professor Owen* had not, with loss of his own time, and patient tormenting of the British public in person of its representatives, got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself become answer-
able for the other three, which the said public will doubtless pay him eventually, but sulkily, and caring nothing about the matter all the while, only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it. Consider, I beg of you, arithmetically, what this fact means. Your annual expenditure for public purposes (a third of it for military apparatus) is at

* I state this fact without Professor Owen's permission, which of course he could not with propriety have granted, had I asked it; but I consider it is so important that the public should be aware of the fact, that I do what seems to me right, though rude.

least fifty millions. Now seven hundred pounds is to fifty million pounds, roughly, as sevenpence is to two thousand pounds. Suppose, then, a gentleman of unknown income, but whose wealth was to be conjectured from the fact that he spent two thousand a year on his parkwalls and footmen only, professes himself fond of science; and that one of his servants comes eagerly to tell him that an unique collection of fossils, giving clue to a new era of creation, is to be had for the sum of sevenpence sterling; and that the gentleman, who is fond of science, and spends two thousand a year on his park, answers, after keeping his servant waiting several months, "Well, I'll give you fourpence for them, if you will be answerable for the extra threepence yourself till next year!"

(c) I say you have despised art! "What!" you again answer, "have we not art exhibitions, miles long; and do not we pay thousands of pounds for single pictures; and have we not art schools and institutions, more than ever nation had before?" Yes, truly, but all that is for the sake of the shop. You would fain sell canvas as well as coals,

and crockery as well as iron; you would take every other nation's bread out of its mouth if you could.* Not being able to do that, your ideal of life is to stand in the thoroughfares of the world, like Ludgate apprentices, screaming to every passer-by. "What d'ye lack?" You know nothing of your own faculties or circumstances. You fancy that among your damp, flat, fat fields of clay you can have as quick art fancy as the Frenchman among his bronzed vines, or the Italian under his volcanic cliffs; that art may be learned as book-keeping is, and when learned, will give you more books to keep. You care for pictures absolutely no more than you do for the bills pasted on your dead walls. There is always room on the wall for the bills to be read,—never for the pictures to be seen. You do not know what pictures you have (by repute) in the

*That was our real idea of "Free Trade"—"All the trade to myself." You find now that by "competition" other people can manage to sell something as well as you—and now we call for "Protection" again. Wretches!

1. *Crockery*. Used here in the sense of pottery.

5. *Ludgate apprentices*. This was the common street cry of the London apprentices in the vicinity of Ludgate Hill, when soliciting customers for their masters' wares. See Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*.

country, nor whether they are false or true, nor whether they are taken care of or not; in foreign countries, you calmly see the noblest existing pictures in the world rotting
 5 in abandoned wreck (in Venice you saw the Austrian guns deliberately pointed at the palaces containing them), and if you heard that all the Titians in Europe were made
 10 into sandbags to-morrow on the Austrian forts, it would not trouble you so much as the chance of a brace or two of game less in your own bags, in a day's shooting. That is your national love of art.

(d) You have despised Nature; that is to
 15 say, all the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery. The French revolutionists made stables of the cathedrals of France; you have made race courses of the cathedrals of the earth. Your *one* conception of pleasure
 20 is to drive in railroad carriages round their aisles, and eat off their altars.* You

*I meant that the beautiful places of the world,—Switzerland, Italy, South Germany, and so on,—are, indeed, the truest cathedrals,—places to be reverent in, and to worship in, and that we only care to drive through them; and to eat and drink at their most sacred places.

8. *Titians.* Paintings by Titian, the great Venetian colorist, and consequently very valuable paintings.

9. *Sand-bags.* Bags filled with sand or earth and used in fortifications.

have put a railroad-bridge over the falls of Schaffhausen. You have tunnelled the cliffs of Lucerne by Tell's chapel; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of the Lake of Geneva; there is not a quiet valley in Eng-⁵ land that you have not filled with bellowing fire; there is no particle left of English land which you have not trampled coal ashes into,*—nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among¹⁰ its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumer's shops. The Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a¹⁵ bear-garden, which you set yourselves to climb and slide down again, with "shrieks of delight" When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are

*I was singularly struck, some years ago, by finding all the river shore at Richmond, in Yorkshire, black in its earth from the mere drift of soot-laden air from places many miles away.

1. *Falls of Schaffhausen.* Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, the capital of a Swiss canton of the same name.

3. *Tell.* William Tell, the peasant hero of Switzerland, who gained renown by killing Gessler.

8. *Coal ashes.* Refers to the use of cinders in making roadways, etc.

glad with, you fill the quietude of their valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction. I think nearly the two sorrowfullest spectacles I have ever seen in humanity, taking the deep inner significance of them, are the English mobs in the valley of Chamouni, amusing themselves with firing
 10 rusty howitzers; and the Swiss vintagers of Zurich, expressing their Christian thanks for the gift of the vine by assembling in knots in the "towers of the vineyards," and slowly loading and firing horse-pistols from morn-
 15 ing till evening. It is pitiful to have dim conceptions of duty; more pitiful, it seems to me, to have conceptions like these of mirth.

95 All these pleasures then, and all these

3. *Cutaneous*. Referring to the skin. Not deep—"skin deep."

5. *Sorrowfullest*. Ruskin often forms the superlative of words of this sort by adding *est* instead of using *most*.

9. *Chamouni*. (shä-mö-nē'.) A peak of the Alps in Eastern France, not far south of Lake Geneva.

10. *Howitzers*. Light cannon.

11. *Zurich*. (zö' rik.) An important town of Switzerland.

virtues, I repeat, you nationally despise. You have, indeed, men among you who do not; by whose work, by whose strength, by whose life, by whose death, you live and never thank them. Your wealth, your amusement, your pride, would all be alike impossible, but for those whom you scorn or forget. The policeman, who is walking up and down the black lane all night, to watch the guilt you have created there, and may have¹⁰ his brains beaten out, and be maimed for life, at any moment, and never be thanked; the sailor wrestling with the sea's rage; the quiet student poring over his book or his vial; the common worker, without praise,¹⁵ and nearly without bread, fulfilling his task as your horses drag your carts, hopeless, and spurned of all: these are the men by whom England lives; but they are not the nation; they are only the body and nervous²⁰ force of it, acting still from old habit in a convulsive perseverance, while the mind is gone. Our national wish and purpose are only to be amused; our national religion is the performance of church ceremonies, and²⁵

¹⁵ *Vial*. Referring to experiments in chemistry where vials, small bottles, are so much in use.

preaching of soporific truths (or untruths) to keep the mob quietly at work, while we amuse ourselves; and the necessity for this amusement, is fastening on us, as a feverous ⁵ disease of parched throat and wandering eyes —senseless, dissolute, merciless. How literally that word *dis-ease*, the negation and possibility of ease, expresses the entire moral state of our English industry and its ¹⁰ amusements.

³⁹ When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower; when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, ¹⁵ all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body. But now, having no true business, we pour our whole masculine energy into the false business of money-making; and having no true emotion, we must ²⁰ have false emotions dressed up for us to play with, not innocently, as children with dolls, but guiltily and darkly, as the idolatrous Jews with their pictures on cavern walls, ²⁵ which men had to dig to detect. The justice we do not execute, we mimic in the novel

and on the stage ; for the beauty we destroy in Nature, we substitute the metamorphosis of the pantomine, and (the human nature of us imperatively requiring awe and sorrow of *some* kind) for the noble grief we should ⁵ have borne with our fellows, and the pure tears we should have wept with them, we gloat over the pathos of the police court, and gather the night-dew of the grave.

47 It is difficult to estimate the true signifi-¹⁰ cance of these things ; the facts are frightful enough. The measure of national fault involved in them is, perhaps, not as great as it would at first seem. We permit or cause thousands of deaths daily, but we mean no¹⁵ harm ; we set fire to houses and ravage peasants' fields, yet we should be sorry to find we had injured anybody. We are still kind at heart ; still capable of virtue, but only as children are. Chalmers, at the end of his²⁰ long life, having had much power with the public, being plagued in some serious matter by a reference to "public opinion," uttered

2. *Metamorphosis*. Change of form, transformation.

14. *We permit*, etc. Show how we do the things enumerated in these lines.

20. *Chalmers*. A noted Scotch divine.

the impatient exclamation, "The public is just a great baby!" And the reason that I have allowed all these graver subjects of thought to mix themselves up with an inquiry into methods of reading is, that the more I see of our national faults or miseries, the more they resolve themselves into conditions of childish illiterateness and want of education in the most ordinary habits of thought.

10 It is, I repeat, not vice, not selfishness, not dulness of brain, which we have to lament; but an unreachable schoolboy's recklessness, only differing from the true schoolboy's in its incapacity of being helped,

15 because it acknowledges no master.

14 There is a curious type of us given in one of the lovely, neglected works of the last of our great painters. It is a drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard, and of its brook and

20 valley and hills and folded morning sky beyond. And unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys

3. *I have allowed all these graver subjects, etc.* Is it excusable in a literary work of this sort to digress so far from the main subject? Give reason for your answer.

18. *Kirkby Lonsdale.* Near Hawes Water, or lake, in the north of England, on Lord Lonsdale's estate.

and for other skies, a group of schoolboys have piled their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So, also, we play with the words of the dead that would teach us, and strike them far from us with ⁵ our bitter, reckless will; little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been piled, not only upon a gravestone, but upon the seal of an enchanted vault—nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who ¹⁰ would awake for us, and walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names. How often, even if we lift the marble entrance gate, do we but wander among those old kings in their repose, and finger the ¹⁵ robes they lie in, and stir the crowns on their foreheads; and still they are silent to us, and seem but a dusty imagery, because we know not the incantation of the heart that would wake them, which, if they once heard, ²⁰ they would start up to meet us in their power of long ago, narrowly to lock upon us, and consider us; and as the fallen kings

18. *Imagery.* Here used in the sense of things imagined.

19. *Incantation.* The act or process of using words, sung or spoken, to invoke spirits, enchantment.

of Hades meet the newly fallen, saying, "Art thou also become weak as we,—art thou also become one of us?" so would these kings, with their undimmed, unshaken diadems, meet us, saying, "Art thou also become pure and mighty of heart as we,—art thou also become one of us?"

46 *Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—magnanimous—to be this, is, indeed, to be great*
10 *in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to "advance in life,"—in life itself, not in the trappings of it. My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he*
15 *was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you in plain words,*
20 *as it is offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honor gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Sup-*

1. *Hades.* The invisible world of spirits where Hades or Pluto is said to rule.

8. *Magnanimous.* Great of mind, elevated in soul or sentiment.

13. *Scythian.* Scythia, in ancient geography, was the great indefinite region north of the Black Sea.

pose the offer were this: You shall die slowly ; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth ⁵ into the ice of Caina ; but day by day your body shall be dressed more gayly, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast—crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout ¹⁰ round it, crowd after it up and down the streets ; build palaces for it ; feast with it at their table's head all the night long. Your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the ¹⁵ golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull—no more. Would you take the offer verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you? Yet prac- ²⁰ tically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure ; many of us grasp at it in its fulness of horror. Every man accepts it who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is ; who means only that ²⁵

6. *Caina*. An ice-ribbed region in Dante's hell.

8. *Orders*. Decorations, badges of honor.

he has to get more horses and more footmen and more fortune and more public honor, and —*not* more personal soul. He is only advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living* peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only. All other kingships, so far as they are true, are only the practical issue and expression of theirs; if less than this, they are either dramatic royalties,—costly shows, set off, indeed, with real jewels instead of tinsel, but still only the toys of nations,—or else they are no royalties at all, but tyrannies, or the mere active and practical issue of national folly; for which reason I have said of them elsewhere, “Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more.”

47. But I have no words for the wonder with which I hear kingdom still spoken of, even

* τὸ δὲ φρόνημα τοῦ πνεύματος ζωὴ καὶ εἰρήνη.

Romans viii., 6. “To be spiritually minded is life and peace.”

1. *Footmen.* Men-servants in livery.

20. *Harness.* Armor, in this connection.

among thoughtful men, as if governed nations were a personal property, and might be bought and sold, or otherwise acquired, as sheep, of whose flesh their king was to feed, and whose fleece he was to gather; as if ⁵ Achilles' indignant epithet of base kings, "people-eating", were the constant and proper title of all monarchs; and enlargement of a king's dominion meant the same thing as the increase of a private man's estate! Kings ¹⁰ who think so, however powerful, can no more be the true kings of the nation than gadflies are the kings of a horse; they suck it, and may drive it wild, but do not guide it. They and their courts and their armies are, if one ¹⁵ could see clearly, only a large species of marsh mosquito, with bayonet proboscis and melodious, bandmastered, trumpeting in the summer air; the twilight being, perhaps, sometimes fairer, but hardly more wholesome, ²⁰ for its glittering mists of midge companies. The true kings, meanwhile, ruled quietly, if at all, and hate ruling; too many of them make *il gran rifiuto*; and if they do not, the

6. *Achilles*. Famous Greek hero of the *Iliad*.

21. *Midge*. Here used as an adjective and means composed of myriads of very tiny flies.

24. *Il gran rifiuto*. A grand renunciation.

mob as soon as they are likely to become useful to it, is pretty sure to make its *gran rifiuto* of them.

Yet the visible king may also be a true one some day, if ever day comes when he will estimate his dominion by the *force* of it,—not the geographical boundaries. It matters very little whether Trent cuts you a cantel out here, or Rhine rounds you a castle less there ; but it does matter to you, king of men, whether you can verily say to this man, "Go," and he goeth, and to another, "Come," and he cometh. Whether you can turn your people as you can Trent ; and where it is that you bid them come, and where go. It matters to you, king of men, whether your people hate you, and die by you, or love you, and live by you. You may measure your dominion by multitudes, better than by miles : and count degrees of love-latitude, not from, but to, a wonderfully warm and infinite equator.

8. *Trent.* The River Trent.

8. *Cantel.* A corner or piece.

9. *Rhine.* The banks of the Rhine are noted for their castles.

21. *Infinite equator.* Analyze the figure which ends with these words.

Measure!—nay, you cannot measure. Who shall measure the difference between the power of those who “do and teach,” and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of heaven, and the power of those who undo and 5 consume, whose power, at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust? Strange! to think how the Moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth; and the Rust-kings, who are to their people’s strength as rust to armor, lay 10 up treasures for the rust; and the Robber-kings, treasures for the robber; but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding—of which the more thieves there were the better! Broidered robe, only 15 to be rent; helm and sword, only to be dimmed; jewel and gold, only to be scattered;—there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. Suppose there ever should arise a fourth order of kings who had 20 read in some obscure writing of long ago that there was a fourth kind of treasure which the jewel and gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web made fair in the weaving by Athena’s shuttle; 25

25. *Athena’s shuttle.* Athena was the chief goddess of the Greeks. She had, among other accomplishments, great skill as a weaver. See story of Arachne.

an armor forged in divine fire by Vulcanian force; a gold to be mined in the very sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs, — deep-pictured tissue, impenetrable armor, potable gold, the three great Angels of Conduct. Toil and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the post of our doors, to lead us with their winged power, and guide us with their unerring eyes, by the path
 10 which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen! Suppose kings should ever arise who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of Wisdom for their people.

15 Think what an amazing business *that* would be! How inconceivable in the state of our present national wisdom! That we should bring up our peasants to a book exercise instead of a bayonet exercise!—organize, drill,
 20 maintain with pay and good generalship, armies of thinkers, instead of armies of stab-

1. *Vulcanian force.* Referring to Vulcan, the worker in metals, among the Greek gods.

3. *Delphian cliffs.* Delphi, the seat of the famous Greek oracle, is in the rocky region just north of the Corinthian gulf.

5. *Potable.* Liquid flowing

11. *Vulture's eye.* Job xxviii., 7.

bers ! — fine national amusement in reading-rooms as well as rifle-grounds ; give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leaden plash on a target. What an absurd idea it seems, put fairly in words, that the wealth⁵ of the capitalists of civilized nations should ever come to support literature instead of war !

47 Have yet patience with me while I read you a single sentence out of the only book,¹⁰ properly to be called a book, that I have yet written myself, the one that will stand (if anything stand) surest and longest of all work of mine :

“ It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth¹⁵ in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them ; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis ; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought, and the²⁰ best tools of war for them besides, which makes such war costly to the maximum ; not to speak of the cost of base fear and angry suspicion between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's peace of mind with ; as, at pres-²⁵ent, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions' sterling worth of consternation, annually (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen leaves, sown, reaped, and granaried by the ' science ' of

the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person."

France and England literally, observe, buy *panic* of each other; they pay, each of them, for ten thousand-thousand pounds' worth of terror, a year. Now suppose, instead of buying these ten millions' worth of panic annually, they made up their minds to be at peace with each other, and buy ten millions' worth of knowledge annually; and that each nation spent its ten thousand-thousand pounds a year in founding royal libraries, royal art galleries, royal museums, royal gardens, and places of rest. Might it not be better somewhat for both French and English?

It will be long, yet, before that comes to pass. Nevertheless, I hope it will not be

3. *Pillage.* Robbery by open violence.

25. *Nevertheless I hope, etc.* Is Ruskin consistent here with a former passage where he says, "We are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each others' books"?

long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city, with a royal series of books in them; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible; their text printed all on leaves of equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in the hand, beautiful, and strong, and thorough as examples of binders' work; and that these great libraries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.

15

I could shape for you other plans, for art galleries, and for natural history galleries, and for many precious — many, it seems to me, needful — things; but this book plan is the easiest and needfulest, and would prove a considerable tonic to what we call our British Constitution, which has fallen dropsical of late, and has an evil thirst and evil hunger, and wants healthier feeding. You have got its corn laws repealed for it; try if

25

you cannot get corn laws established for it, dealing in a better bread — bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, thesesame which opens doors — doors, not of robbers',
5 but of Kings' Treasuries.

1. *Corn laws.* Laws which imposed a heavy tax on all grains imported into England, thus making bread high and causing great distress among the poor. These laws were finally repealed in 1869.

3. *Sesame.* Now that you have read this essay carefully, give any reason you can why Ruskin gave it the name, "Sesame: of Kings' Treasuries."

LECTURE II.

Lilies :

OF QUEENS' GARDENS.

Be thou glad, oh, thirsting desert; let the desert be made cheerful, and bloom as the lily; and the barren places of Jordan shall run wild with wood. — *Isaiah* xxxv. 1. (Septuagint.)

51 It will, perhaps, be well, as this Lecture is the sequel of one previously given, that I should shortly state to you my general intention in both. The questions specially proposed to you in the first, namely, How and What to Read, rose out of a far deeper one, which it was my endeavor to make you propose earnestly to yourselves, namely, 15

2. *Lilies: of Queens' Gardens.* Ruskin says in his second preface to *Sesame and Lilies*: "I wrote 'Lilies' to please one girl; and were it not for what I remember of her, and of few besides, should now recast some of the sentences." The "one girl" was the "Rosie" of his *Præterita* whom, child and woman, he loved and who was dead when he revised this essay in 1875.

7. *Septuagint.* A Greek version of the Old Testament, so called, because it was supposed to have been made by seventy, or seventy-two, translators. Sometimes spoken of as the LXX.

9. *Sequel.* That which follows, a succeeding part.

Why to Read. I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantage we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by
5 any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach. I wish you to see that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over
10 the ill-guided and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense *kingly*; conferring indeed the purest kingship that can exist among men Too many other kingships (however distinguished
15 by visible insignia or material power) being either spectral, or tyrannous; spectral—that is to say, aspects and shadows only of royalty, hollow as death, and which only the “likeness of a kingly crown have on”; or else
20 tyrannous—that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.

There is, then, I repeat (and as I want to leave this idea with you, I begin with it, and
25 shall end with it) only one pure kind of

15. *Insignia.* Distinguishing marks of authority or office.

kingship,—an inevitable and eternal kind, crowned or not,—the kingship, namely, which consists in a stronger moral state and a truer thoughtful state than that of others, enabling you, therefore, to guide or to raise 5 them. Observe that word “state”; we have got into a loose way of using it. It means literally the standing and stability of a thing; and you have the full force of it in the derived word “statue” — “the immovable” 10 thing.” A king’s majesty or “state,” then and the right of his kingdom to be called a State, depends on the movelessness of both, — without tremor, without quiver of balance, established and enthroned upon a 15 foundation of eternal law which nothing can alter nor overthrow.

Believing that all literature and all education are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and *therefore* 20 kingly, power,—first over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us,—I am now going to ask you to consider with me further, what special portion or kind of this royal authority, arising out of noble ed- 25 ucation, may rightly be possessed by women; and how far they also are called to a true

queenly power, — not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the
5 order and beauty induced by such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the territories over which each of them reigned as “Queens’ Gardens.”

And here, in the very outset, we are met
10 by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem—remains among many of us yet quite undecided, in spite of its infinite importance.

We cannot determine what the queenly
15 power of women should be until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be.

We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty until we are agreed what is their true constant duty.
20 And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature,
25 their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet esti-

mated with entire consent. We hear of the “mission” and of the “rights” of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man,—as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind, and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness, by the pre-eminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the help-mate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations, rightly accepted, aid and increase the vigor and honor and authority of both.

25

6. *Irreconcilable.* Not possible to reconcile or to harmonize.

And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture ; namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points
5 of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help ; to appeal to them when our own knowledge and power of thought failed ; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception, than our own,
10 and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of
15 all ages, are agreed in any wise on this point ; let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

And first let us take Shakespeare.

20 Note broadly in the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes ; he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the
25 stage ; and the still slighter Valentine in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." In his labored and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello

would have been one if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice round him ; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus, Cæsar, Antony, stand in 5 flawed strength, and fall by their vanities ; Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative ; Romeo, an impatient boy ; the Merchant of Venice, languidly submissive to adverse fortune ; Kent, in " King Lear," is entirely 10 noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of Chance, followed, comforted, saved, 15 by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose : Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Catherine, Perdita, Sylvia, 20 Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps

4. *Approximating.* Approaching near to.

7. *Speculative.* Theoretical, not established by demonstration.

14. *Orlando.* The hero of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

16. *Rosalind, Cordelia, etc.* Heroines from Shakespeare's dramas.

loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless ; conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

Then observe, secondly.

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man ; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of King Lear is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children ; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him ; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of Othello I need not trace the tale ; nor the one weakness of his so mighty love ; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error : —

“ O murderous coxcomb ! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife ? ”

In “ Romeo and Juliet,” the wise and brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous

4. *Catastrophe.* The final event in a romance or tragedy.

21. *Coxcomb.* Here means fool. See *Othello*, v., 2.

issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In "Winter's Tale," and in "Cymbeline," the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperilled to the death by the folly and ⁵ obstinacy of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In "Measure for Measure," the foul injustice of the judge and the foul cowardice of the brother are opposed to the ¹⁰ victorious truth and adamant purity of a woman. In "Coriolanus," the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin. Her prayer, ¹⁵ at last granted, saves him—not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a ²⁰ mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of

19. *Julia.* From *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

21. *Helena.* From *All's Well that Ends Well*.

23. *Hero.* From *Much Ado About Nothing*.

24. *Beatrice.* From *Much Ado About Nothing*.

the "unlessoned girl," who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, bringing courage and safety by her presence, and defeating the worst malignities of crime by what women are fancied most to fail in, — precision and accuracy of thought ?

Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare's plays there is only one weak woman — Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also, in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them

10. *Ophelia*. Daughter of Polonius and sweetheart of Hamlet in the play of *Hamlet*.

17. *Regan and Goneril*. The two wicked daughters of *King Lear*.

as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors,—incorruptibly just and pure examples,—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

Not in any wise comparable in knowledge⁵ of the nature of man, —still less in his understanding of the causes and courses of fate,—but only as the writer who has given us the broadest view of the conditions and modes of ordinary thought in modern society, I ask¹⁰ you next to receive the witness of Walter Scott.

I put aside his merely romantic prose writings as of no value; and though the early romantic poetry is very beautiful, its¹⁵ testimony is of no weight, other than that of a boy's ideal. But his true works, studied in from Scottish life, bear a true witness; and in the whole range of these, there are but three men who reach the heroic type*—Dandie²⁰

* I ought, in order to make this assertion fully understood, to have noted the various weaknesses which lower the ideal of other great characters of men in the Waverly novels,—the selfishness and narrowness of thought in Redgauntlet, the weak religious enthusiasm in Edward Glendenning, and the like; and I ought to have noticed that there are several quite perfect characters sketched sometimes in the backgrounds; three—let us accept joyously this courtesy to England and her soldiers—are English officers: Colonel Gardiner, Colonel Talbot, and Colonel Mannering.

Dinmont, Rob Roy, and Claverhouse; of these, one is a border farmer; another a free-booter; the third a soldier in a bad cause. And these touch the ideal of heroism only in their courage and faith, together with a strong, but uncultivated or mistakenly applied intellectual power; while his younger men are the gentlemanly playthings of fantastic fortune, and only by aid (or accident) of that fortune, survive, not vanquish, the trials they involuntarily sustain. Of any disciplined or consistent character, earnest in a purpose wisely conceived, or dealing with forms of hostile evil, definitely challenged and resolutely subdued, there is no trace in his conceptions of young men. Whereas, in his imaginations of women,—in the characters of Ellen Douglas, of Flora MacIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Catherine Sey-

1. *Dandie Dinmont*. From Scott's novel of *Guy Mannering*.

1. *Rob Roy*. The hero of Scott's novel of the same name.

1. *Claverhouse*. Viscount Dundee, John Graham of Claverhouse. Defender of the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge. Introduced into Scott's *Old Mortality*.

18. *Ellen Douglas*, *Flora MacIvor*, etc. Heroines from Scott's poems and novels. What can you say of the propriety of Ruskin praising them to an equal extent with Shakespeare's heroines?

ton, Diana Vernon, Lilius Redgauntlet, Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, and Jeanie Deans,—with endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power, we find in all a quite infallible sense of dignity and justice ; a fear-⁵less, instant, and untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims ; and finally, a patient wisdom of deeply-restrained affection, which does infinitely more than protect its objects from¹⁰ a momentary error ; it gradually forms, animates, and exalts the characters of the unworthy lovers, until at the close of the tale, we are just able, and no more, to take patience in hearing of their unmerited success.¹⁵

So that in all cases, with Scott as with Shakespeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches and guides the youth ; it is never, by any chance, the youth who watches over or educates his mistress.²⁰

60 Next take, though more briefly, graver testimony,—that of the great Italians and Greeks. You know well the plan of Dante's great poem—that it is a love-poem to his dead lady ; a song of praise for her watch²⁵

5. *Infallible.* Not capable of erring.

25. *Dead lady.* Beatrice.

over his soul. Stooping only to pity, never to love, she yet saves him from destruction—saves him from hell. He is going eternally astray in despair; she comes down from heaven to his help, and throughout the ascents of Paradise is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truths, Divine and human, and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke, from star to star.

10 I do not insist upon Dante's conception; if I began I could not cease; besides, you might think this a wild imagination of one poet's heart. So I will rather read to you a few verses of the deliberate writing of a
15 knight of Pisa to his living lady, wholly characteristic of the feeling of all the noblest men of the thirteenth or early fourteenth century, preserved among many other such records of knightly honor and love, which
20 Dante Rossetti has gathered for us from among the early Italian poets.

15. *Knight*. A young servant or follower, a military attendant.

15. *Pisa*. (pē' sa.) A city of Italy near the mouth of the river Arno and noted for its leaning tower and other beautiful buildings.

20. *Dante Rossetti*. One of a famous literary family of the nineteenth century. Dante Rossetti was a pre-Raphaelite painter as well as an exquisite poet.

“ For lo ! thy law is passed
That this my love should manifestly be

To serve and honor thee :
And so I do ; and my delight is full,
Accepted for the servant of thy rule.

5

“ Without almost, I am all rapturous,
Since thus my will was set :

To serve, thou flower of joy, thine excellence ;
Nor ever seems it anything could rouse
A pain or a regret.

10

But on thee dwells my every thought and sense ;
Considering that from thee all virtues spread

As from a fountain head,—
That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail,
And honor without fail ;

15

With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,
Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.

“ Lady, since I conceived
Thy pleasurable aspect in my heart,

My life has been apart
In shining brightness and the place of truth ;

20

Which till that time, good sooth,
Groped among shadows in a darkened place.

Where many hours and days
It hardly ever had remembered good.

25

But now my servitude
Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest.

A man from a wild beast
Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived.”

You may think, perhaps, a Greek knight₃₀
would have had a lower estimate of women

22. *Sooth.* Truth.

26. *Servitude.* Used here in the sense of service.

than this Christian lover. His spiritual subjection to them was indeed not so absolute; but as regards their own personal character, it was only because you could not have followed me so easily, that I did not take the Greek women instead of Shakespeare's; and instance, for chief ideal types of human beauty and faith, the simple mother's and wife's heart of Andromache; the divine yet
 10 rejected wisdom of Cassandra; the playful kindness and simple princess-life of happy Nausicaa; the housewifely calm of that of Penelope, with its watch upon the sea; the ever patient, fearless, hopelessly devoted piety of
 15 the sister and daughter, in Antigone; the bowing down of Iphigenia, lamb-like and silent; and finally, the expectation of the resurrection,

9. *Andromache*. (an-drom' a kē.) Wife of Hector, the Trojan leader.

10. *Cassandra*. (cas-san' dra.) Trojan prophetess, killed at Mycæna by Clytemnestra.

12. *Nausicaa*. (nâ-sik' â-ä.) Assisted Ulysses, when wrecked on her father's coast.

13. *Penelope*. (pē-nel' ô-pē.) Wife of Ulysses. A type of constancy.

15. *Antigone*. (an-tig' ô-nē.) Daughter of Œdipus and heroine of Sophocles' drama, *Antigone*.

16. *Iphigenia*. (if-ī je-nī' ä.) Daughter of Agamemnon, and sacrificed to Diana.

made clear to the soul of the Greeks in the return from her grave of that Alcestis, who, to save her husband, had passed calmly through the bitterness of death.

Now I could multiply witness upon witness of this kind upon you if I had time. I would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women, but no Legend of Good Men. I would take Spenser, and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times, and show you how the great people,—by one of whose princesses it was appointed that the

2. *Alcestis*. (al-ces' tis.) Wife of Admetus. Hercules wrestled with Death for her body. See picture of this struggle by Frederick Leighton.

7. *Chaucer*. The father of English poetry.

8. *Legend of Good Women*. One of Chaucer's finest poems in praise of noble women. Tennyson wrote a similar poem called *The Dream of Fair Women*.

12. *Una*. The heroine of the first book of Spenser's *Faery Queene*. A type of purity.

13. *Britomart*. Spenser's female knight, Chastity, also from *Faery Queene*.

17. *Princesses*. Pharaoh's daughter.

lawgiver of all the earth should be educated, rather than by his own kindred,—how that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a
 5 woman, and into her hand, for a symbol, the weaver's shuttle; and how the name and form of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the Greeks, became that Athena of the olive-helm and cloudy shield, to faith in
 10 whom you owe, down to this date, whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national virtue.

6 3 But I will not wander into this distant and mythical element; I will only ask you to
 15 give its legitimate value to the testimony of these great poets and men of the world,—consistent as you see it is, on this head. I will ask you whether it can be supposed that these men, in the main work of their lives, are
 20 amusing themselves with a fictitious and idle view of the relations between man and woman; nay, worse than fictitious or idle—for a thing may be imaginary, yet desirable, if it

1. *Lawgiver.* Moses, but here taken to mean God.

4. *Spirit of Wisdom.* Isis, who was to the Egyptians what Athena was to the Greeks. She was the patron of the arts and hence of weaving.

14. *Mythical.* Relating to myths.

were possible ; but this, their ideal of woman, is, according to our common idea of the marriage relation, wholly undesirable. (The woman, we say, is not to guide, nor even to think for herself. The man is always to be the wiser ; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion, as in power.)

Is it not somewhat important to make up our minds on this matter? Are all these¹⁰ great men mistaken, or are we? Are Shakespeare and Æschylus, Dante and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us ; or worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realization of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy¹⁵ into all households and ruin into all affections? Nay, if you can suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity of progress,²⁰ there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion, by the lover to his mistress. I say *obedient*,—not merely enthusiastic and worshipping in imagination, but entirely

12. *Æschylus*. One of the three greatest Greek dramatists.

15. *Anarchy*. Disorganization, breaking up of rule or government.

subject, receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the *direction* of all toil. That chivalry,—to the abuse and dishonor of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations, and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defence alike of faith, of law, and of love,—that chivalry, I say, in its very first conception of honorable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command—should it even be the command in caprice—of his lady. It assumes this because its masters know that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady; that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passion must be; and that in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe or

honorable, were it ever rended to the unworthy, but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it is impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

I do not insist by any further argument on this; for I think it should commend itself at once to your knowledge of what has been, and to your feeling of what should be. You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth: that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails. Know you not those lovely lines—I would they were learned by all youthful ladies of England,—

20

“ Ah, wasteful woman! — she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapened Paradise!

11. *Buckling on of the knight's armor*, etc. Referring to the custom in the age of chivalry of the knight's lady buckling on his armor.

21. *Coventry Patmore's Angel in the House*.

How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!" *

5 Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers I believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt is the fitness of the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole human life. We think it right in
10 the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially
15 and distantly discern; and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn when the affection has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been sifted and tried that we fear not to entrust it with
20 the happiness of our lives. Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreasonable? Do you not feel that marriage, when it is marriage at all, is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary

* Coventry Patmore. You cannot read him too often or too carefully; as far as I know, he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies; the others sometimes darken, and nearly always depress and discourage.

into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

67 But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding function of the woman reconcilable with a true wifely subjection? Simply⁵ in that it is a *guiding*, not a determining, function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish,¹⁰ in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not; each completes the other, and is completed by the other. They are in noth-¹⁵ing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

68 Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progres-²⁰sive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever²⁵

23. *Speculation.* Mental view of anything in its different aspects and relations.

conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle; and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision.

5 She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is praise; she enters into no contest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of contest. By her office and place, she is protected from all

10 danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in the open world, must encounter all peril and trial,—to him therefore must be the failure, the offence, the inevitable error; often he must be wounded or sub-

15 dued; often misled; and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence.

20 This is the true nature of home—it is the place of peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer

25 life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either

husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by household gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light, shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea,—so far it vindicates the name and fulfils the praise of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her, The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

5. *Vestal.* Pure, chaste.

6. *Household gods.* The Lares and Penates, the spirits of ancestors worshipped at the hearth of every Roman home.

12. *Pharos.* A lighthouse, so called from an island in the Bay of Alexandria where Ptolemy Philadelphus built a famous light-house.

This, then, I believe to be,—will you not admit it to be?—the woman's true place and power. But do not you see that to fulfil this, she must—as far as one can use such
 5 terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good, instinctively, infallibly wise,—wise not for self-development, but for self-
 10 denunciation; wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side; wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an in-
 15 finitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense, “*La donna è mobile*,” not “*qual pium' al vento*”; no, nor yet “*Variable as the shade by the light quiv-*
 20 *ering aspen made*”; but variable as the *light*, manifold in fair and serene division that it may take the color of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

17. “*La donna è mobile.*” “Woman is changeable.”

18. “*Qual pium al vento.*” “Like a feather in the wind.”

19. “*Variable as the shade,*” etc. From Scott's *Marmion*, Canto vi., stanza 30.

I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power, of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of education is to fit her for these?

And if you indeed think this a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one and raise her to the other.

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful persons now doubt this—is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health and perfect her beauty; the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendor of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful nor shed its sacred light too far; only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet, who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others,—not by power but by exquisite *rightness*,—which point you to the source, and describe to you in a few syllables, the completion of

womanly beauty. I will read the introductory stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice :

5 “ Three years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, ‘ A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown.
 This child I to myself will take ; -
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

10 “ ‘ Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse ; and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power,
 To kindle or restrain.

15 “ ‘ The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her, for her the willow bend ;
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the storm,
 Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
 By silent sympathy.

20 “ ‘ *And vital feelings of delight*
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell.
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
 While she and I together live,
 Here in this happy dell.’ ”*

* Observe, it is Nature who is speaking throughout, and who says, “While she and I together live.”

4. “ *Three years she grew,*” etc. From Wordsworth’s *Poems of the Imagination*.

" *Vital* feeling of delight," observe. There are deadly feelings of delight ; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life.

And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature, there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort, which will not be indelibly written on her ¹⁰ features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue.

71 This for the means ; now note the end. ¹⁵ Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty,—

" A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

The perfect loveliness of a woman's coun- ²⁰tenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years, full of sweet records ; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of ²⁵ change and promise, — opening always — modest at once, and bright, with hope of bet-

ter things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise.

72/13 Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

10 All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men; and yet it should be given, not as knowledge,—not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know, but
15 only to feel, and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride and perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and
20 to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accu-
25 rate thought; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveli-

26. *Inevitableness.* The state of being unavoidable.

ness of natural laws ; and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves for-⁵ ever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or names of celebrated persons — it is not the object of education to¹⁰ turn the woman into a dictionary ; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads ; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination ; to¹⁵ apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement ; it is for her to trace the hidden equities²⁰ of Divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with retribution. But

3. *Valley of Humiliation.* Allegorical expression for a state of discouragement.

20. *Equities.* Natural justice or rights.

22. *Fateful.* Significant of fate, ominous.

chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being forever determined as the moments pass in which she draws her
5 peaceful breath, and to the contemporary calamity, which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon her mind and conduct, if
10 she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in
15 which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves; and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer
20 more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them, and is "for all who are desolate and oppressed."

25 If there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say

5. *Contemporary.* Occurring or existing at the same time.

that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects, and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less frivolous, — calculated to add the qualities of patience⁵ and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit, and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought. I enter not now into any question of choice of books ; only let us be sure that¹⁰ her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly.

76 Or even of the fountain of wit ; for with¹⁵ respect to the sore temptation of novel reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread so much as its overwrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious²⁰ exciting literature, and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if by its excitement it renders the ordinary course of²⁵ life uninteresting, and increases the morbid

6. *Poignancy*. State of being poignant, piercing, sharp.

thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

I speak, therefore, of good novels only, and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, these books have serious use, being nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry; studies of human nature in the elements of it. But I attach little weight to this function; they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfil it. The utmost they usually do is to enlarge somewhat the charity of a kind reader, or the bitterness of a malicious one; for each will gather from the novel food for her own disposition. Those who are naturally proud and envious will learn from Thackeray to despise humanity; those who are naturally gentle, to pity it; those who are naturally shallow, to laugh at it. So, also, there might be a serviceable power in novels to bring before us in vividness a human truth which we had before but dimly conceived;

8. *Moral anatomy and chemistry.* Form and substance of moral or ethical life.

18. *Thackeray.* England's greatest satirical novelist (1811-1863).

but the temptation to picturesqueness of statement is so great that often the best writers of fiction cannot resist it; and our views are rendered so violent and one-sided that their vitality is rather a harm than good. ⁵

Without, however, venturing here on any attempt at decision how much novel reading should be allowed, let me at least clearly assert this, that whether novels or poetry or history be read, they should be chosen, not ¹⁰ for their freedom from evil, but for their possession of good. The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book, never does any harm to a noble girl; but the emptiness of ¹⁵ an author oppresses her, and his amiable folly degrades her. And if she can have access to a good library of old and classical books, there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of ²⁰ your girl's way; turn her loose into the old library every day, and let her alone. She will find what is good for her; you cannot; for there is just this difference between the making of the girl's character and a boy's: ²⁵ you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he

be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze; but you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does,— she will wither without sun; she will decay
 5 in her sheath as a narcissus will if you do not give her air enough; she may fall and defile her head in dust if you leave her without help at some moments of her life, but you cannot fetter her; she must take her
 10 own fair form and way if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always —

“ Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty.”

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do
 15 a fawn in the field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you, and the good ones too, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones good for it which you had not the slightest thought would have been so.

20 Then, in art, keep the finest models before her, and let her practise; in all accomplishments be accurate and thorough, so as to

5. *Narcissus*. The general name for flowers like the daffodil and jonquil.

7. *Defile*. To soil. Shakespeare uses *file* in the same sense.

12. “ *Her motions*,” etc. From Wordsworth’s *Poems of the Imagination*.

enable her to understand more than she accomplishes. I say the finest models — that is to say, the truest, simplest, usefulest. Note those epithets ; they will range through all the arts. Try them in music, where you⁵ might think them the least applicable. I say the truest, that in which the notes most closely and faithfully express the meaning of the words, or the character of intended emotion ; again, the simplest, that in which the mean-¹⁰ing and melody are attained with the fewest and most significant notes possible ; and finally, the usefulest, that music which makes the best words most beautiful, which enchants them in our memories each with its own glory¹⁵ of sound, and which applies them closest to the heart at the moment we need them.

40 And not only in the material and in the course, but yet more earnestly in the spirit of it, let a girl's education be as serious as a ²⁰ boy's. You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers ; appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue²⁵

4. *Epithets.* Adjectives expressing some quality, attribute or relation.

in them; teach *them*, also, that courage and truth are the pillars of their being. Do you think that they would not answer that appeal, brave and true as they are even now, when you know that there is hardly a girl's school in this Christian kingdom where the children's courage or sincerity would be thought of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door; and when the whole system of society, as respects the mode of establishing them in life, is one rotten plague of cowardice and imposture — cowardice, in not daring to let them live or love except as their neighbors choose; and imposture, in bringing, for the purposes of our own pride, the full glow of the world's worst vanity upon a girl's eyes, at the very period when the whole happiness of her future existence depends upon her remaining undazzled?

81 20 And give them, lastly, not only noble teachings, but noble teachers. There is one more help which she cannot do without,—one which alone has sometimes done more than all other influences besides,—the help

2. *Pillars.* Supporters or mainstays.

12. *Imposture.* Deception practiced under false character.

of wild and fair Nature. Hear this of the education of Joan of Arc : —

“ The education of this poor girl was mean according to the present standard ; was ineffably grand according to a purer philosophic standard ; and only not good 5 for our age because for us it would be unattainable.

“ Next after her spiritual advantages she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest ; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies that the parish 10 priest (*curé*) was obliged to read mass there once a year in order to keep them in decent bounds. . . .

“ But the forests of Domrémy — those were the glories of the land ; for in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic 15 strength. Abbeys there were, and abbey windows — ‘ like Moorish temples of the Hindoos ’ — that exercised even princely power both in Touraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and 20 each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scat-

2. *Joan of Arc*. A peasant girl of France who led the French armies to victory in the second period of the Hundred Years’ War between England and France. She succeeded in having the Dauphin, Charles VII., crowned. She was burned by the English as a sorceress in 1431.

9. *Domrémy*. A French village, known as the birth-place of Joan of Arc.

18. *Touraine*. An old province of France of which Tours was the capital

19. *Diets*. Legislative assemblies.

20. *Matins*. Morning prayers.

20. *Vespers*. Evening prayers.

tered enough, were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness.”*

Now, you cannot, indeed, have here in England woods eighteen miles deep to the centre; but you can, perhaps, keep a fairy or two for your children yet if you wish to
10 keep them. But *do* you wish it? Suppose you had each, at the back of your houses, a garden large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run,—no more,—and
15 that you could not change your abode; but that, if you chose, you could double your income or quadruple it by digging a coal shaft in the middle of the lawn, and turning the flower-beds into heaps of coke. Would
20 you do it? I hope not. I can tell you you would be wrong if you did, though it gave you income sixty-fold instead of four-fold.

Yet this is what you are doing with all England. The whole country is but a little
25 garden, not more than enough for your children to run on the lawns of if you would let

* “Joan of Arc: in reference to M. Michelet’s ‘History of France.’” (De Quincey’s Works, vol. iii., p. 217.)

them *all* run there. And this little garden you will turn into furnace ground, and fill with heaps of cinders if you can; and those children of yours, not you, will suffer for it. For the fairies will not be all banished; there⁵ are fairies of the furnace as of the wood, and their first gift seems to be "sharp arrows of the mighty"; but their last gifts are "coals of juniper."

44 And yet I cannot — though there is no¹⁰ part of my subject that I feel more — press this upon you; for we made so little use of the power of Nature while we had it that we shall hardly feel what we have lost. Just on the other side of the Mersey you have¹⁵ your Snowdon and your Menai Straits and that mighty granite rock beyond the moors of Anglesea, splendid in its heathery crest, and foot planted in the deep sea, once thought of as sacred,— a divine promontory,²⁰ looking westward; the Holyhead, or Head-

7. "*Sharp arrows*," etc. Psalms cxx., 4. Sharp arrows of the mighty with coals of juniper.

15. *Mersey*. Principal river in the west of England.

16. *Snowdon*. The highest mountain in Wales.

16. *Menai*. (men' ī.) Straits separating the island of Anglesea from Wales.

21. *Holyhead*. Northwestern point of island of Anglesea, northwest of Wales.

land, still not without awe when its red light glares first through storm. These are the hills, and these the bays and blue inlets which, among the Greeks, would have been always⁵ loved, always fateful in influence on the national mind. That Snowdon is your Parnassus, but where are its Muses? That Holyhead mountain is your island of Ægina; but where is its Temple to Minerva?

¹⁰ Shall I read you what the Christian Minerva had achieved under the shadow of our Parnassus up to the year 1848? Here is a little account of a Welsh school, from page 261 of the Report on Wales, published by¹⁵ the Committee of Council on Education. This is a school close to a town containing 5,000 persons : —

“ I then called up a larger class, most of whom had recently come to the school. Three girls repeatedly²⁰ declared they had never heard of Christ, and two that they had never heard of God. Two out of six thought Christ was on earth now [they might have had a worse thought perhaps], three knew nothing about

6. *Parnassus*. Among the Greeks, the home of the Muses.

7. *Muses*. The nine goddesses who presided over song, different kinds of poetry, the arts and sciences.

8. *Ægina*. A small island southwest of Athens formerly famous for its temples.

the Crucifixion. Four out of seven did not know the names of the months nor the number of days in a year. They had no notion of addition; beyond two and two or three and three their minds were perfect blanks."

O ye women of England ! from the Princess⁵ of that Wales to the simplest of you, do not think your own children can be brought into their true fold of rest while these are scattered on the hills as sheep having no shepherd. And do not think your daughters can¹⁰ be trained to the truth of their own human beauty while the pleasant places which God made at once for their school-room and their play-ground lie desolate and defiled. You cannot baptize them rightly in those inch-deep¹⁵ fonts of yours unless you baptize them also in the sweet waters which the great Lawgiver strikes forth forever from the rocks of your native land,—waters which a Pagan would have worshipped in their purity, and you²⁰ worship only with pollution. You cannot lead your children faithfully to those narrow axe-hewn church-altars of yours while the

5. *Princess of Wales.* The woman of the highest rank in England next to the Queen.

17. *Great Lawgiver.* God. It was Moses who struck the rock and the water gushed from it to refresh the thirsting Israelites.

dark azure altars in heaven — the mountains that sustain your island throne, mountains on which a Pagan would have seen the powers of heaven rest in every wreathed cloud —
5 remain for you without inscription ; altars built, not to, but by, an Unknown God.

Thus far, then, of the nature, thus far of the teaching, of woman, and thus of her household office and queenliness. We come now
10 to our last, our widest question, — What is her queenly office with respect to the State?

Generally, we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A
15 man has a personal work or duty, relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the State. So a woman has a personal work or duty, relating to her own home, and
20 a public work and duty, which is also the expansion of that.

Now, the man's work for his own home is, as has been said, to secure its maintenance, progress, and defence ; the woman's to secure
25 its order, comfort, and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's

duty, as a member of a commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence of the State. The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the State.

What the man is at his own gate, defending it, if need be, against insult and spoil, that, also, not in a less, but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country, leaving his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

And, in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty, that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.

And as within the human heart there is always set an instinct for all its real duties,—an instinct which you cannot quench, but only warp and corrupt if you withdraw it

1. *Commonwealth.* A state; a free and popular government.

12. *Incumbent.* Resting upon, perhaps here better rendered *pressing*.

19. *Imminent.* Near at hand.

from its true purpose ; as there is the intense instinct of love, which rightly disciplined maintains all the sanctities of life, and misdirected undermines them, and *must* do either the one or the other, so there is in the human heart an inextinguishable instinct,—the love of power, which rightly directed maintains all the majesty of law and life, and misdirected wrecks them.

46 10 Deep rooted in the innermost life of the heart of man, and of the heart of woman, God set it there, and God keeps it there. Vainly, as falsely, you blame or rebuke the desire of power ! For Heaven's sake, and 15 for Man's sake, desire it all you can. But *what* power ? That is all the question. Power to destroy,— the lion's limb, and the dragon's breath ? Not so. Power to heal, to redeem, to guide, and to guard ; power of 20 the sceptre and shield ; the power of the royal hand that heals in touching, that binds the fiend, and looses the captive ; the throne that is founded on the rock of justice, and descended from only by the steps of mercy. 25 Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more housewives, but queens ?

44 It is now long since the women of England, arrogated, universally, a title which once belonged to nobility only; and having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of "gentlewoman," as correspondent to that of "gentleman," insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of "lady,"* which properly corresponds only to the title of "lord."

I do not blame them for this, but only for¹⁰ their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of "lady" provided they claim not merely the title, but the office and duty signified by it. "Lady" means "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver," and¹⁵ 'lord' means "maintainer of laws;" and both titles have reference, not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household, but

*I wish there were a true order of chivalry instituted for our English youth of certain ranks, in which both boy and girl should receive, at a given age, their knight-hood and ladyhood by true title; attainable only by certain probation and trial both of character and accomplishment; and to be forfeited on conviction by their peers of any dishonorable act. Such an institution would be entirely, and with all noble results, possible in a nation which loved honor. That it would not be possible among us is not to the discredit of the scheme.

2. *Arrogated.* Claimed as their own.

to law maintained for the multitude, and to bread broken among the multitude. So that a Lord has legal claim only to his title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the
5 Lord of lords ; and a Lady has legal claim to her title only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to Him of their substance, were permitted to extend
10 to that Master Himself ; and when she is known, as He Himself once was, in breaking of bread.

49 And this beneficent and legal dominion, this power of the *dominus*, or House-Lord,
15 and of the *domina*, or House-Lady, is great and venerable, not in the number of those through whom it has lineally descended, but in the number of those whom it grasps within its sway ; it is always regarded with reverent
20 worship wherever its dynasty is founded on its duty, and its ambition correlative with its beneficence. Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies, with a train of vassals ? Be it so ; you cannot be too

20. *Dynasty*. A succession of kings of the same family. Lordship.

24. *Vassals*. Those who hold land of a superior and who vow fidelity and homage in return. Servants.

noble, and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed *you*; and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed,—whom you have redeemed, and led into captivity.

90 And this, which is true of the lower or household dominion, is equally true of the queenly dominion; that highest dignity is open to you if you will also accept that highest duty. *Rex et regina* — *roi et reine* — “right-doers;” they differ but from the Lady and Lord in that their power is supreme over the mind as over the person; that they not only feed and clothe, but direct and teach. And whether consciously or not you must be in many a heart enthroned. There is no putting by that crown; queens you must always be,—queens to your lovers; queens to your husbands and your sons; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown and the stainless

12. *Rex et regina*. King and queen. From *rego*, to direct straight.

12. *Roi et reine*. King and queen. French from Latin *rex et regina*.

sceptre of womanhood. But, alas ! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest ; and leaving misrule and violence to work their will among men, in defiance of the power which, holding straight in gift from the Prince of all Peace, the wicked among you betray, and the good forget.

¹⁰ "Prince of Peace." Note that name. When kings rule in that name, and nobles, and the judges of the earth, they also in their narrow place and mortal measure receive the power of it. There are no other rulers than ¹⁵ they ; other rule than theirs is but *misrule* ; they who govern verily "*Dei gratia*" are all princes, yes, or princesses, of peace. There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it ; not in ²⁰ that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. Men by their nature are prone to fight ; they will fight for any cause, or for none. It is for you to choose their cause for them, and to forbid them when ²⁵ there is no cause. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the

16. *Dei gratiâ.* By the grace of God.

guilt of it lies with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy, in their own struggle; but men are feeble in sympathy and contracted in hope: ⁵ it is you only who can feel the depths of pain, and conceive the way of its healing. Instead of trying to do this, you turn away from it; you shut yourselves within your park walls and garden gates; and you are ¹⁰ content to know that there is beyond them a whole world in wilderness—a world of secrets which you dare not penetrate, and of suffering which you dare not conceive. ¹⁵

92 I tell you that this is to me quite the most amazing among the phenomena of humanity. I am surprised at no depths to which, when once warped from its honor, that humanity can be degraded. I do not wonder at the ²⁰ miser's death, with his hands, as they relax, dropping gold. I do not wonder at the sensualist's life, with the shroud wrapped about his feet. I do not wonder at the single-handed murder of a single victim, done by ²⁵ the assassin in the darkness of the railway or reed-shadow of the marsh. I do not even

wonder at the myriad-handed murder of multitudes, done boastfully in the daylight by the frenzy of nations, and the immeasurable, unimaginable guilt, heaped up from hell to⁵ heaven, of their priests and kings. But this is wonderful to me — oh, how wonderful! — to see the tender and delicate woman among you, with her child at her breast, and a power, if she would wield it, over it and over its¹⁰ father, purer than the air of heaven and stronger than the seas of earth, — nay, a magnitude of blessing which her husband would not part with for all that earth itself, though it were made of one entire and per-¹⁵fect chrysolite, — to see her abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next-door neighbor! This is wonderful — oh, wonderful! — to see her with every innocent feeling fresh within her, go out in the morn-²⁰ing into her garden to play with the fringes of its guarded flowers, and lift their heads

1. *Myriad-handed.* As with a myriad, countless number of hands.

3. *Frenzy.* Violent agitation, rage.

15. *Chrysolite.* A yellowish green gem.

15. *Abdicate.* To relinquish a throne or other high dignity.

16. *Precedence.* The act of going before, rank.

when they are drooping, with her happy smile upon her face and no cloud upon her brow, because there is a little wall around her place of peace ; and yet she knows in her heart, if she would only look for its knowledge, that outside of that little rose-covered wall, the wild grass, to the horizon, is torn up, by the agony of men, and beat level by the drift of their life-blood.

Have you ever considered what a deep under-meaning there lies, or at least may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet ; that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns ; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe ; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers ; but they rise behind her steps, not

before them. "Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy."

94 You think that only a lover's fancy — false and vain! How if it could be true? You
5 think this also, perhaps, only a poet's fancy—

"Even the light harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread."

But it is little to say of a woman that she only does not destroy where she passes.
10 She should revive; the harebells should bloom, not stoop, as she passes. You think I am rushing into wild hyperbole? Pardon me, not a whit; I mean what I say in calm English, spoken in resolute truth. You
15 have heard it said (and I believe there is more than fancy even in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one) that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one

1. "*Her feet*," etc. Tennyson's *Maud*.

2. *Rosy*. The English daisy has a strong tint of rose color in its under petals. When slightly disturbed the color is evident. Burns says, "Wee crimson-tipped flower," of this flower.

6. *Harebell*. Delicate blue flower poised on an almost threadlike stem, common in the north of England and in Scotland. Light indeed must have been the tread of one after whom "the harebell raised its head!" Passage from Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

12. *Hyperbole*. A figure of speech in which the expression is evidently an exaggeration.

who loves them. I know you would like that to be true ; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them ; nay, more, if your look had the power, ⁵ not only to cheer, but to guard ; if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted caterpillar spare ; if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind, in frost, "Come, thou ¹⁰ south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out." This you would think a great thing. And do you think it not a greater thing that all this (and how much more than this !) you *can* do for fairer ¹⁵ flowers than these ; flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them ; flowers that have thoughts like yours and lives like yours, and which, once saved, you save forever ? Is ²⁰ this only a little power ? Far among the moorlands and the rocks, far in the darkness of the terrible streets, these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn and their stems broken. Will you never go down ²⁵ to them nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them, in their trem-

bling, from the fierce wind? Shall morning follow morning for you, but not for them; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, those frantic dances of death, but no dawn rise to
5 breathe upon these living banks of wild violet and woodbine and rose; nor call to you through your casement,—call (not giving you the name of the English poet's lady, but the name of Dante's great Matilda, who, on
10 the edge of happy Lethe, stood, wreathing flowers with flowers), saying,—

“Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat night has flown,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
15 And the musk of the roses blown”?

Will you not go down among them,—among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep color of heaven upon it, is starting up in
20 strength of goodly spire; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by

4. *Dances of death.* Here, the pleasures of vice.

9. *Matilda.* The Countess Matilda whose castle at Canossa was the scene of Hildebrand's humiliation of Henry of Germany. The Pope Hildebrand (Gregory VII.) was under the protection of Matilda.

10. *Lethe.* A river of Hades, a drink of whose water caused forgetfulness of the past.

bud, into the flower of promise? And still they turn to you, and for you "The Larkspur listens — I hear, I hear! And the Lily whispers — I wait."

Did you notice that I missed two lines, when I read you that first stanza, and think that I had forgotten them? Hear them now :

" Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat night has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate, alone." 11

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a Maud, 15 but a Madeline, who went down to her garden in the dawn and found One waiting at the gate whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often; sought Him in vain all through the night; 20 sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there; but at the gate of *this* garden He is waiting always—waiting to take your

2. "*The Larkspur*," etc. From Tennyson's *Maud*.

16. *Madeline*. Same as *Magdalene*. See John xx., 15.

22. *Fiery sword*. Genesis iii., 24.

hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of
⁵ the vines that His hand is guiding ; there you shall see the pomegranate springing where his hand cast the sanguine seed ; more, you shall see the troops of the angel keepers that,
¹⁰ with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows, “Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.” Oh, you queens, you queens!
¹⁵ among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; and in your cities shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where
²⁰ the Son of Man can lay His head ?

7. *Sanguine seed.* The seeds of the pomegranate are bright red in color.

12. *Foxes.* Song of Solomon ii., 15.



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